

JANUARY

BLUE BOLT

10¢



JACK HARMON

VOL. 7 NO. 8



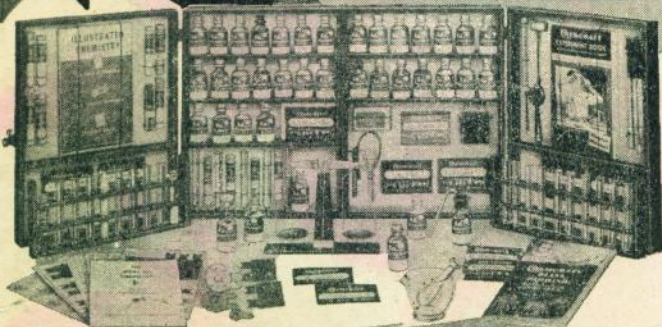
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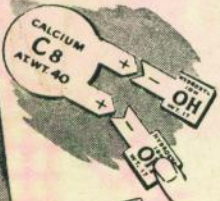
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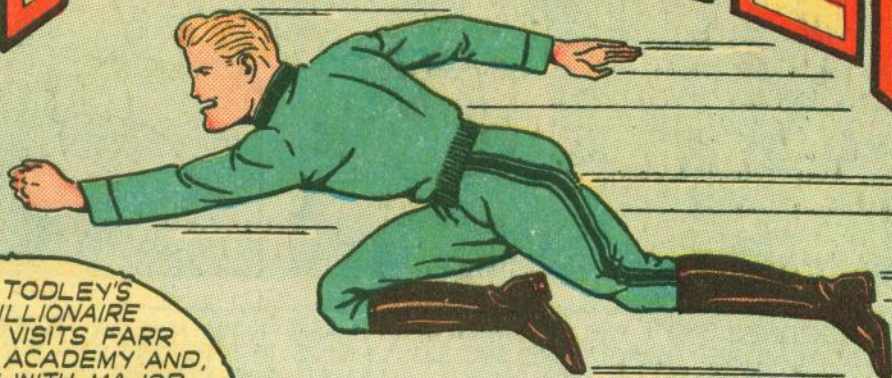
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MAIL COUPON TODAY!

DICK COLE



TED TODLEY'S MULTIMILLIONAIRE FATHER VISITS FARR MILITARY ACADEMY AND, CONVERSING WITH MAJOR FARR, BRINGS UP A MATTER OF GREAT IMPORTANCE TO THE FUTURE OF THE SCHOOL. THE TWO MEN ARE IN MAJOR FARR'S ROOMS ON THE EVENING OF TODLEY'S ARRIVAL.

I'M FOND OF THE ACADEMY, MAJOR. IT'S DONE WONDERS FOR MY BOY, AND FOR SOME TIME I'VE BEEN THINKING OF GIVING IT A FAT ENDOWMENT.. SAY..A MILLION DOLLARS?

A MILLION DOLLARS! WHY..UH..THAT WOULD BE A MAGNIFICENT GIFT, MR. TODLEY..AND INDEED ACCEPTABLE, I ASSURE YOU, SIR.

BUT I'M NOT A MAN TO THROW MONEY AROUND RASHLY. BEFORE I WILL MAKE ANY SUCH DONATION, I WISH TO SATISFY MYSELF THAT THE SCHOOL WARRANTS IT. IN SHORT, I MUST OBTAIN A FIRST-HAND IMPRESSION.



ART BY JIM WILCOX

MR. TODLEY, WHY NOT SPEND A FEW DAYS AS MY GUEST AT THE ACADEMY, WATCHING THE DAILY ROUTINE? THE CADETS NEED NOT KNOW YOU ARE OBSERVING THEM.

UM-M-M-M... A GOOD IDEA! I'LL DO IT.

YOU ALREADY KNOW THE HIGH CALIBER OF BOYS LIKE DICK COLE AND BARK HALL, BUT THERE IS A NEW BOY, JOHN TRAPP, WHO IS A GENIUS. THE CADETS CALL HIM "BOOKS," AND HIS MARKS ARE THE HIGHEST IN THE SCHOOL'S HISTORY.



VERY INTERESTING, MAJOR, BUT I'M MORE CONCERNED WITH YOUR RUN-OF-THE-MILL STUDENT, HIS DISCIPLINE, HABITS, REACTIONS, AND HIS SPORTSMANSHIP.

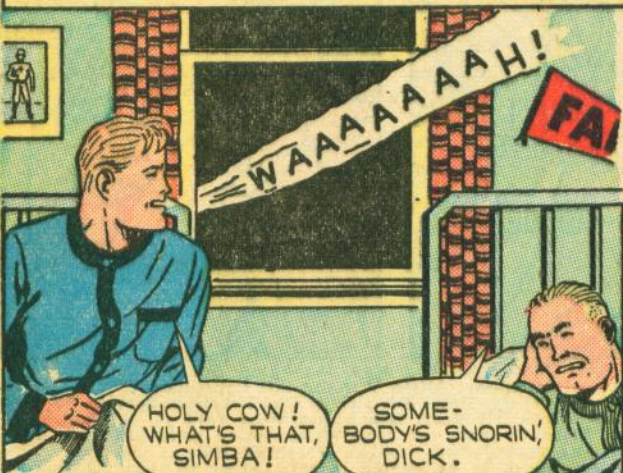
WELL, A FEW DAYS HERE SHOULD AFFORD AMPLE OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU TO OBSERVE ALL THAT.

AND NOW, MAJOR, MIND IF I RETIRE? I HAD A HARD TRIP UP AND I'M FAGGED.

OF COURSE! I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOMS.



HOURS LATER, LONG AFTER TAPS, A RAUCOUS BLAST SHATTERS THE STILL OF THE NIGHT.



HOLY COW! WHAT'S THAT, SIMBA!

SOME-BODY'S SNORIN', DICK.

MAYBE IT'S AN ALARM! I WONDER WHAT'S UP!

WE ARE, I'M SORRY TO SAY! O ME! WHAT A SWELL DREAM I WAS HAVING!



THE SLEEPY BUT EXCITED CADETS POUR OUT ONTO THE CAMPUS...

DOGGONE IT! SHUT THAT OFF, SOMEONE!

HEY, SENTRY, WHAT GOES ON HERE?

I DON'T KNOW, DICK. I HAVEN'T SEEN A SOUL AROUND..



MR. HALL! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

WE DON'T KNOW, SIR, BUT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT!



I'M AWFULLY SORRY THIS HAS HAPPENED, AND YOUR SLEEP BROKEN, MR. TODLEY!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BUT WHAT A RACKET!

ALL RIGHT, FELLOWS, SPREAD OUT AND TRACK THAT THING DOWN!

SOON, BEHIND SOME BUSHES.

HEY, BARK, I'VE FOUND IT! HERE!



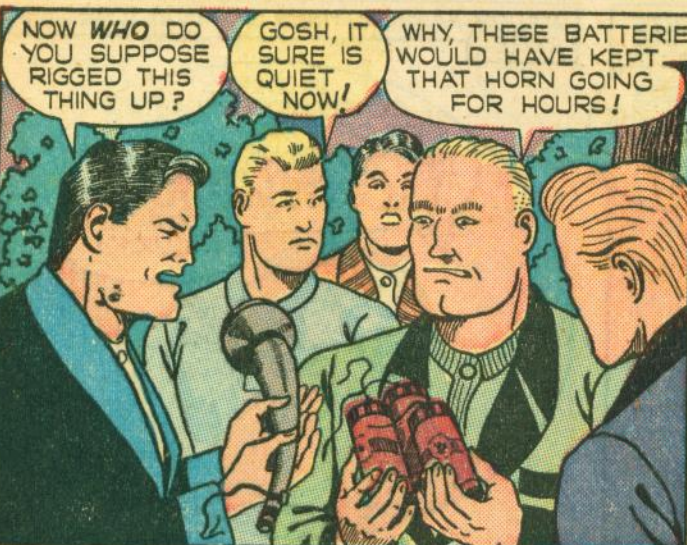
NOW WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE RIGGED THIS THING UP?

GOSH, IT SURE IS QUIET NOW!

WHY, THESE BATTERIES WOULD HAVE KEPT THAT HORN GOING FOR HOURS!

BARK AND SIMBA TAKE THE CONTRAPTION TO MAJOR FARR AND MR. TODLEY...AND...

GENTLEMEN! BACK TO YOUR QUARTERS! THIS INCIDENT WILL BE THOROUGHLY INVESTIGATED IN THE MORNING, AND THE CULPRIT WILL BE SEVERELY DISCIPLINED! DIS-MISSED!



THE CADETS RETURN TO QUARTERS. THE MAJOR ESCORTS MR. TODLEY TO HIS ROOM, AND QUIET AGAIN REIGNS ON THE CAMPUS.

I'M SORRY THIS SILLY PRANK BROKE YOUR MUCH-NEEDED REST, MR. TODLEY.

HRUMPH. BOYS WILL BE BOYS.. BUT NOT TOO OFTEN, I HOPE. GOOD NIGHT, MAJOR.

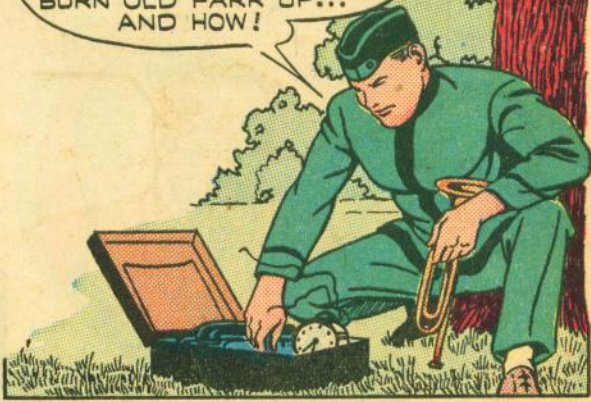
TODLEY'S A GOOD SORT, BUT I CAN TELL HE'S IRRITATED. I HOPE NOTHING ELSE GOES WRONG. FARR CERTAINLY CAN USE AN ENDOWMENT!

6:35 A.M. NEXT MORNING, THE BUGLER IS ABOUT TO SOUND REVEILLE...

THE BUGLER FETCHES A BOX DOWN FROM A TREE...



TALK ABOUT TRICKY! TIMED TO GO OFF RIGHT TO THE MINUTE! BOY! WON'T THIS BURN OLD FARR UP... AND HOW!



AND BACK IN THE DORM, MR. TODLEY GREETES THE MAJOR.

MAJOR FARR HURRIES OFF IN A TOWERING RAGE.

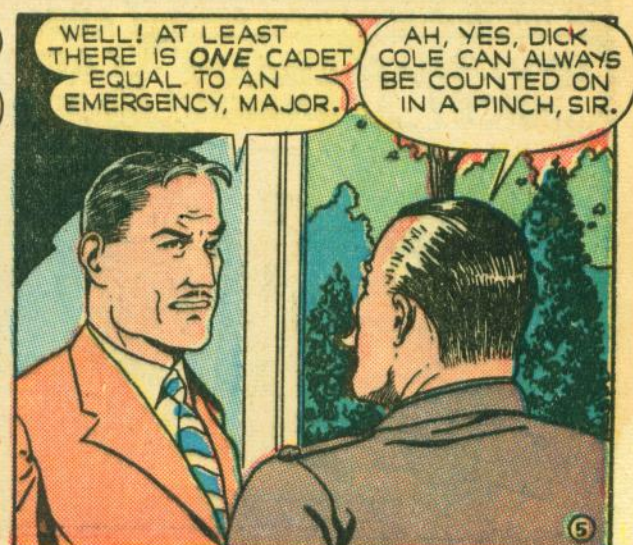
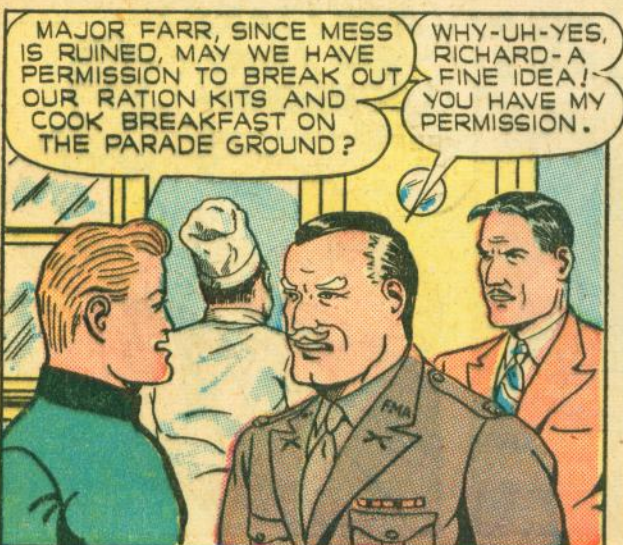
ISN'T IT A BIT, ER, UNUSUAL TO SUBSTITUTE JAZZ FOR THE REGULATION REVEILLE, MAJOR FARR?

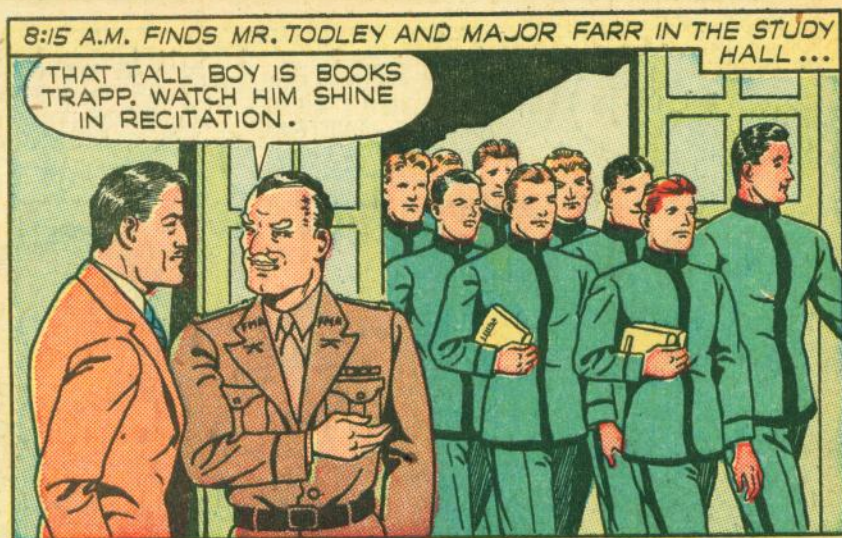
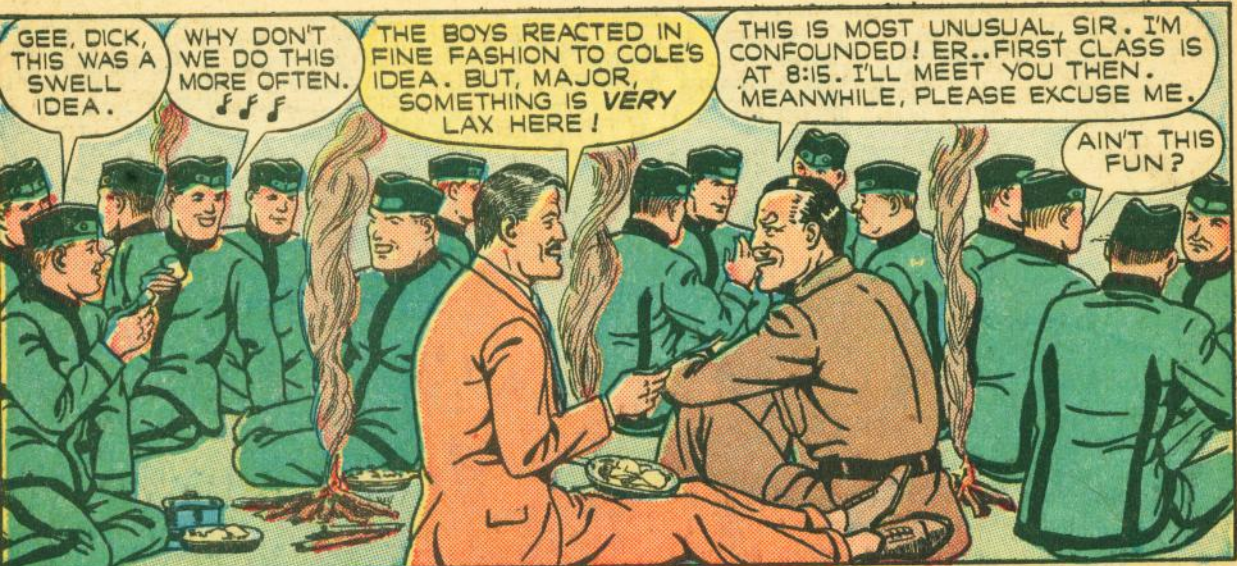
SPT-SPUTTER! I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS ..THIS NEW OUTRAGE!

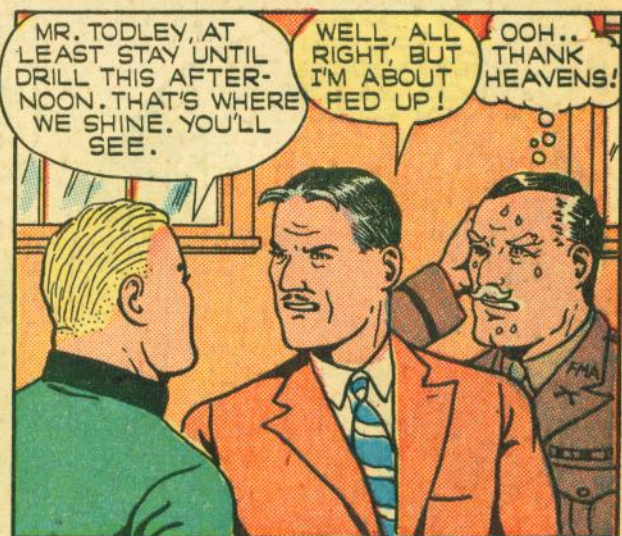
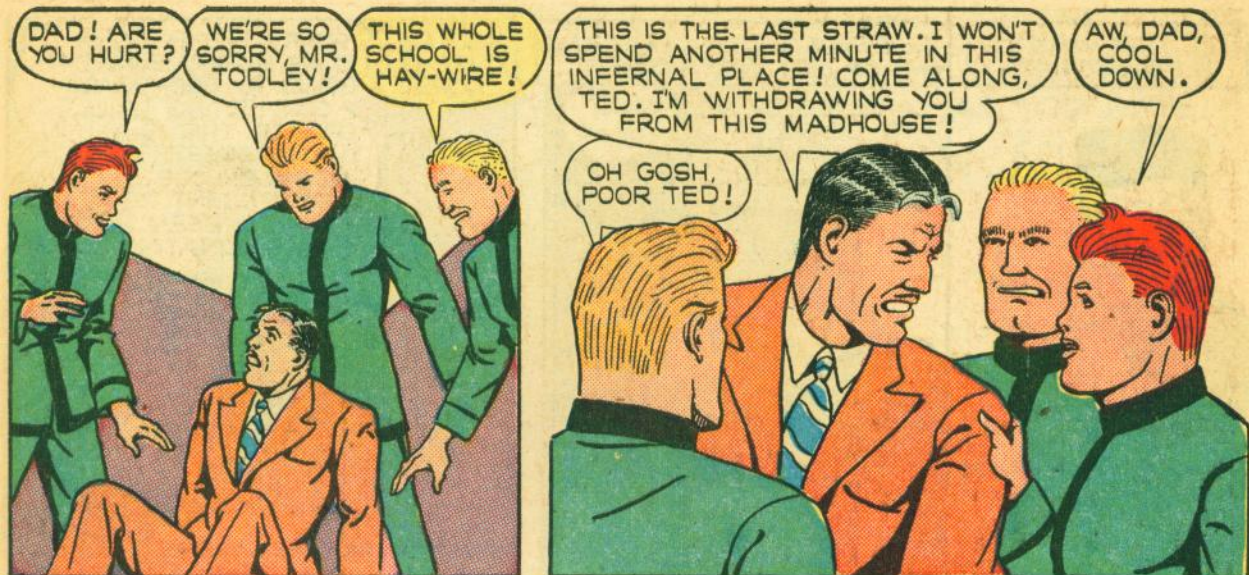


IF THAT CONFOUNDED, BLASTED IDIOT OF A PRANKSTER KEEPS THIS UP, HE'LL COST THE ACADEMY A MILLION DOLLARS! I MUST PUT A STOP TO IT ..QUICK!









IDLY, DICK PICKS UP
A MANUSCRIPT.



WHAT IN
THUNDER IS
THIS ALL ABOUT?
"PSYCHOLOGICAL
EXPERIMENT..MID-
NIGHT ALARM!"

SUDDENLY, "BOOKS" LEAPS AND
SHOVES DICK INTO A CLOSET...



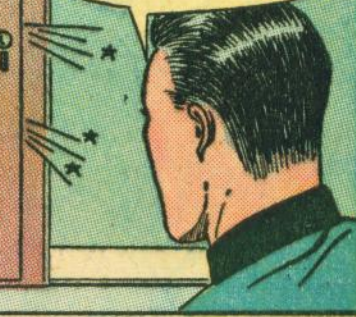
CARELESS OF ME
TO LEAVE MY
EXPERIMENTAL
NOTES AROUND!

WHAT
THA--!

LET ME
OUT, YOU
DOPE!

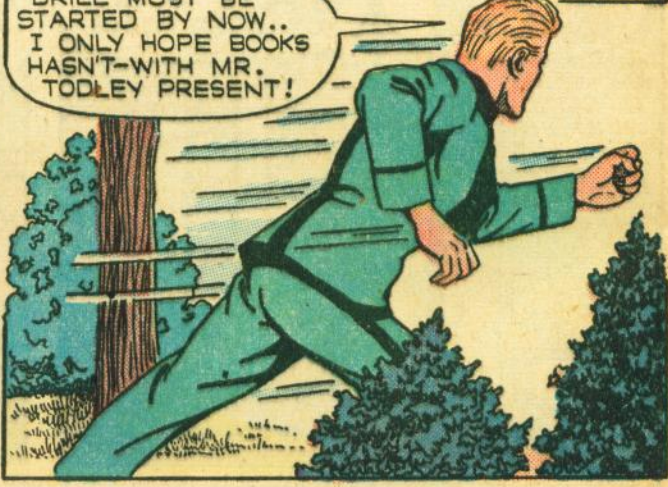
BANG!
BANG!

SORRY, BUT I'VE ONE
MORE EXPERIMENT. I'M
GOING TO BROADCAST
CONFLICTING DRILL
ORDERS. THIS IS ALL IN
THE INTERESTS OF
SCIENCE, COLE. SO FAR,
THE STUDENT REACTION
HAS BEEN MOST
FASCINATING ...



IF I DON'T
STOP BOOKS, THE
SCHOOL WILL BE OUT A
MILLION BUCKS! I CAN'T
FORCE THIS DOOR. I'LL
HAVE TO PICK THE LOCK
WITH THIS WIRE COAT-
HANGER...

BUT IT TAKES DICK SOME TIME TO PICK THE
LOCK...



DRILL MUST BE
STARTED BY NOW..
I ONLY HOPE BOOKS
HASN'T-WITH MR.
TODLEY PRESENT!

BUT "BOOKS" IS ALREADY AT HIS EXPERIMENT..



MAJOR FARR! DO YOU
CALL THAT EXHIBITION
DRILL? IT'S THE MOST
ASININE, DISORDERLY
AND STUPID EFFORT I
HAVE EVER SEEN! BAH!

GULP! I-UH-GULP!
I'M BEWILDERED,
SIR-UTTERLY!..
I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
IT AT ALL!



RIGHT OBLIQUE!
ROUTE STEP..
MARCH!

COMPANY,
HALT!

TO THE
REAR..
MARCH!

FOWARD..
MARCH!

**BATTALION..
ATTEN..!?**

WHAT..WHERE..
WHO'S GIVING
THOSE ORDERS!
THIS IS
AWFUL!

**PRESENT ARMS!
PRESENT...LEGS!
COUNT OFF! 1-
2-3½-9-¾...**



**DICK
CHARGES THROUGH THE BUSHES...**

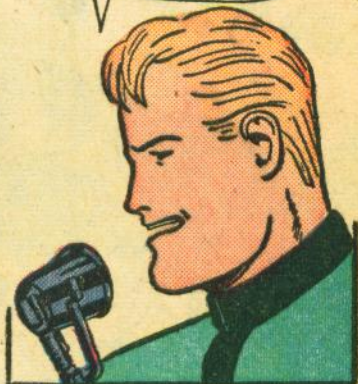
AND POUNCES ON 'BOOKS'..AND..

**THAT'S
ENOUGH,
BOOKS!**



THEN SEIZES THE MIKE.

**BATTALION!
AS YOU WERE!
..TEN-SHUN!**



**THE CADETS QUICKLY RESPOND
TO DICK'S CRISP ORDERS.**

**WELL! CERTAINLY A
SMOOTH COMEBACK..THEY
MARCH WELL! BUT I'VE
HAD ENOUGH! THIS PLACE
IS TOO ERRATIC! TED
AND I ARE LEAVING
...PRONTO!**

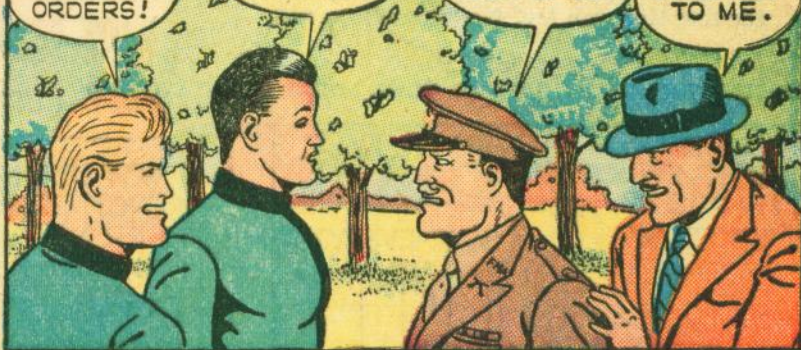


**MAJOR FARR!
HERE'S THE
CULPRIT!
HE WAS
BROAD-
CASTING
THOSE
ORDERS!**

**TRUE, SIR, BUT
IT WAS IN THE
INTERESTS OF
SCIENCE, AND
PROVED A
CREDIT TO
FARR!**

**MR. TRAPP!
YOU! YOU
ARE EXPELLED
FROM THE
ACADEMY!
GO PACK
YOUR BAGS!**

**MAJOR,
LET ME
SPEAK
TO TRAPP.
WHAT HE
SAYS IS OF
INTEREST
TO ME.**



**MR. TODLEY TAKES "BOOKS"
OUTSIDE. THEY CONVERSE
EARNESTLY FOR SOME
MINUTES AND THEN...**

**GENTLEMEN, THESE EX-
PERIMENTS BY BOOKS HAVE
CONVINCED ME THAT FARR
MEN ARE EXCEPTIONAL. I'M
SOLD ON THE FACT FARR
TRAINS ADAPTABLE MEN.
I'M SOLD ON FARR.**



**THE CADETS HAD THEIR
SLEEP BROKEN..FOOD
RUINED AND DRILL
SHATTERED, BUT THEY
WERE NOT THROWN OFF
FOR LONG! MAJOR, YOU
GET MY ENDOWMENT..
ON CONDITION YOU
DO NOT DISMISS BOOKS!**

**THANK
YOU, MR.
TODLEY.
BOOKS WILL
NOT BE
DISMISSED,
JUST
PUNISHED.**



THE NEXT AFTERNOON.

**OH, GEE, FORTY-
EIGHT HOURS OF
GUARD TO DO.
WE SCIENTISTS
SURE SUFFER
FOR OUR WORK!**



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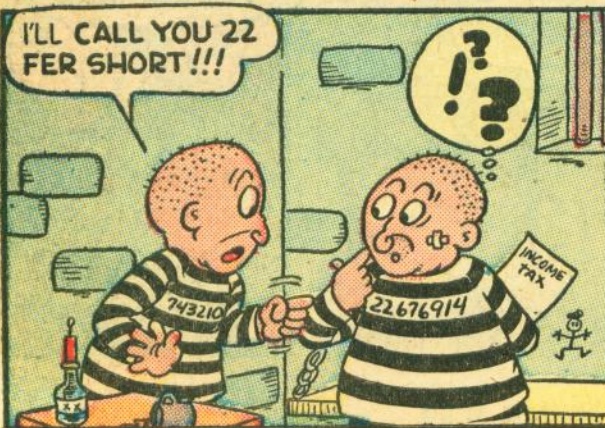
PRESENT THIS CERTIFICATE AT YOUR LOCAL MUSIC STORE

DOES TH' NEW MAID AT YER HOUSE SWEEP UNDER TH' RUG??

SURE—EVERYTHING!!

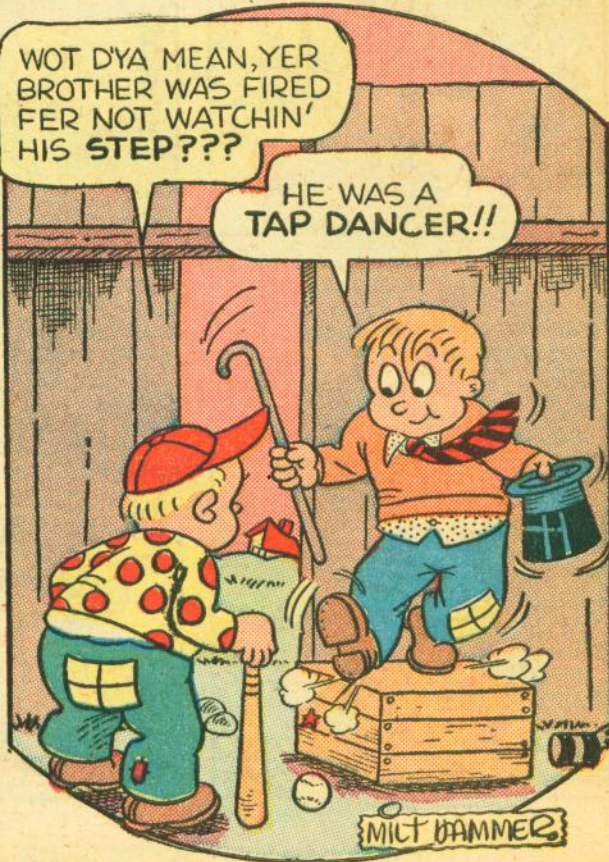


I'LL CALL YOU 22 FER SHORT!!!



WOT D'YA MEAN, YER BROTHER WAS FIRED FER NOT WATCHIN' HIS STEP???

HE WAS A TAP DANCER!!

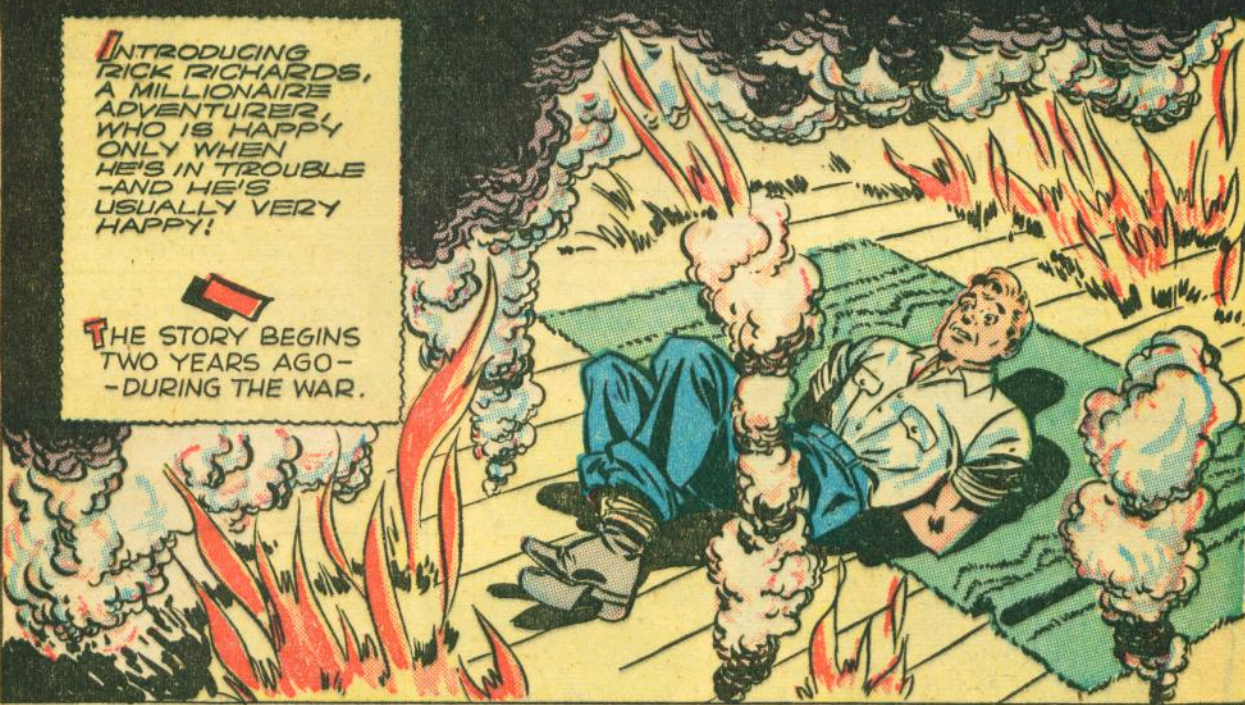


MILT HAMMER

RICK RICHARDS

INTRODUCING
RICK RICHARDS,
A MILLIONAIRE
ADVENTURER,
WHO IS HAPPY
ONLY WHEN
HE'S IN TROUBLE
-AND HE'S
USUALLY VERY
HAPPY!

THE STORY BEGINS
TWO YEARS AGO—
—DURING THE WAR.



ON THE SOUTH SEA ISLAND OF SULAGI, MARINE SERGEANT RICK RICHARDS GRIMLY BATTLES THE JAPS FOR AN ADVANCE OUTPOST.

RICK, THE NIPS ARE CREEPIN' UP AND THERE'S ONLY TWO OF US LEFT!

I PROMISED THE COLONEL WE'D HOLD JOE. FEEL LIKE LEAVING!



NAW! I WOULDN'T MISS THIS PARTY. NEVER A DULL MOMENT!

THERE'S A FEW JAPS TRYING TO CRASH!



AIIIIII!

RAT-A-TAT TAT TAT

YOU GOT 'EM, RICK!



THEY'RE GONNA GET US BEFORE DAWN, RICK! THEY KEEP CREEPING, CREEPING- AND THEY OUTNUMBER US, FIFTY TO ONE!

THERE'S JUST ONE THING TO DO- ATTACK!



ARE YOU NUTS?

COVER ME WITH THE MACHINE GUN. THOSE JAPS AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN CREEP!



AFTER I TOSS A FEW OF THESE GRENADES, THEY MAY BREAK FOR BETTER COVER! PICK 'EM OFF!

SURE THING!- AND GOOD LUCK!



RICK SNAKES HIS WAY INTO THE JAP AREA!

SO DARN MANY JAPS HERE, I CAN'T MISS!



RICK TOSSES A FLARE, WHICH ILLUMINATES THE STARTLED JAPS!

THAT OUGHT TO KEEP THOSE MONKEYS ANCHORED TO THEIR FOXHOLES TILL DAWN!

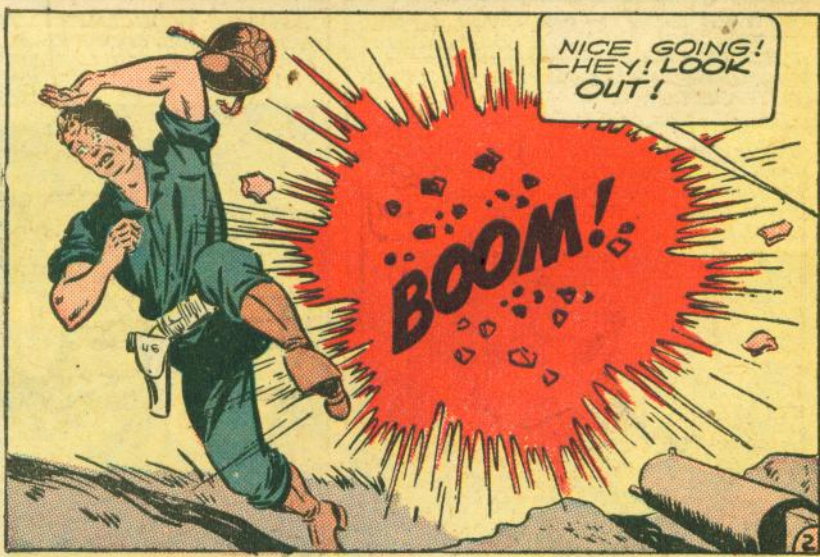
RAT-A-TAT-TAT
TAT-TAT-TAT!



YANK CRAWLING OVER THERE-- ME GET!



NICE GOING! -HEY! LOOK OUT!



GOSH, RICK!
DID THEY GET
YOU BAD?

A PIECE OF MY BACK
IS MISSING, ONE LEG WON'T
MOVE, AND I'M BLEEDING—
OUTSIDE OF THAT, I'M READY
FOR THE SPRING HOP!

I'LL MOW
DOWN THOSE
DIRTY---

TAKE IT EASY, JOE.
OUR PATROLS WILL GET
THEM IN THE MORNING
-- WHAT'S LEFT OF 'EM!
IN THE MEANTIME,
SPRINKLE SOME SULFA
POWDER ON MY BACK.



DAWN....

LOOK AT THIS SHAMBLES!
THE BOYS MUST HAVE
HAD A RESTLESS
NIGHT!

HEY, MIKE!
RICHARDS IS IN
BAD SHAPE OVER
HERE!



RICK IS QUICKLY CARRIED TO
THE FIELD HOSPITAL....

HE'S BADLY SHOT
UP, BUT HE'LL
PULL THROUGH!



DIDJA HEAR
THAT, RICK?
YOU'LL BE OUT
IN THE FIELD
IN NO TIME!

I CAN'T LET YOU
BOY SCOUTS PLAY
ALL ALONE IN THE
WOODS, CAN I?

ER-I'M AFRAID
YOU MISUNDERSTOOD!



RICK'S WOUNDS SOON HEAL ENOUGH FOR HIM TO FLY HOME.

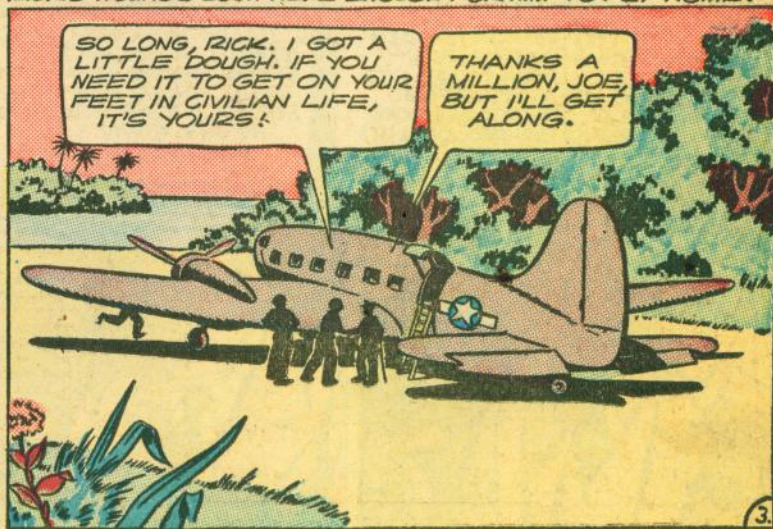
YOU MEAN
I'LL BE OUT
OF ACTION
QUITE A
WHILE?

YOU'RE GOING TO
BE DISCHARGED!
THOSE FRAGMENTS
ALMOST TORE THE
ADRENAL GLAND
FROM YOUR BACK
--YOU'RE LUCKY
YOU'RE NOT DEAD!



SO LONG, RICK. I GOT A
LITTLE DOUGH. IF YOU
NEED IT TO GET ON YOUR
FEET IN CIVILIAN LIFE,
IT'S YOURS!

THANKS A
MILLION, JOE,
BUT I'LL GET
ALONG.





WELL, WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

YOU OFFERING HIM MONEY? RICK RICHARDS NEVER MENTIONS IT, BUT HE'S A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE, HEIR TO A COUPLE OF FORTUNES!



EVEN IF HE IS FILTHY RICH, HE'S STILL A RIGHT GUY IN MY BOOK!

(CIVILIAN LIFE IS GOING TO SEEM AWFUL TAME AFTER THAT RUMPUS!)

ONE WEEK LATER—



HUNH! I WOULD HAVE GIVEN AWAY THIS WHOLE BUILDING FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP ON SULAGI!



RICHARDS! UH—WHY—WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MARINES?

YOU MEAN WHAT HAPPENED TO ME! I JUST DROPPED IN TO SEE THE ACCOUNTS BEFORE I GO TO MY LODGE TO RECUPERATE.



ER—RICK—THE ACCOUNTANTS ARE CHECKING THEM NOW! THEY'LL BE AT IT A COUPLE OF WEEKS.

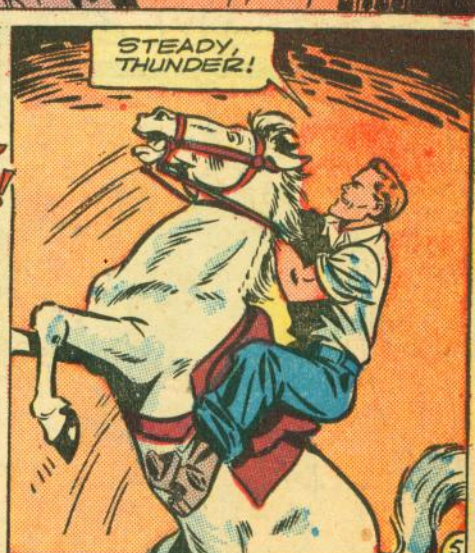
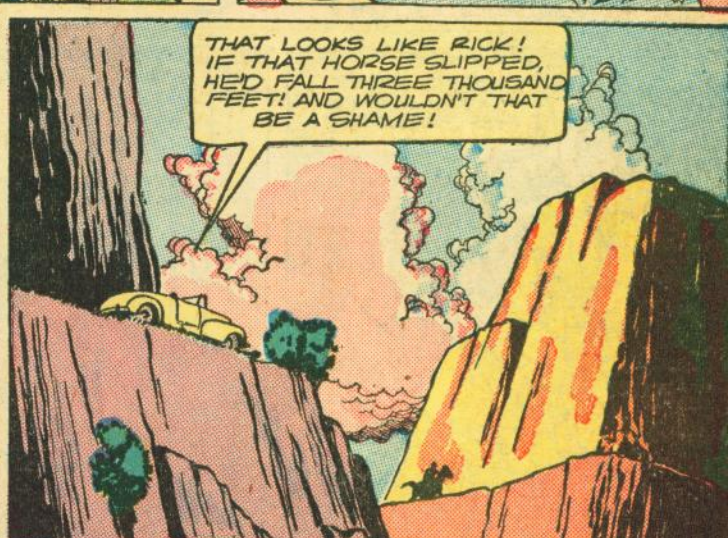
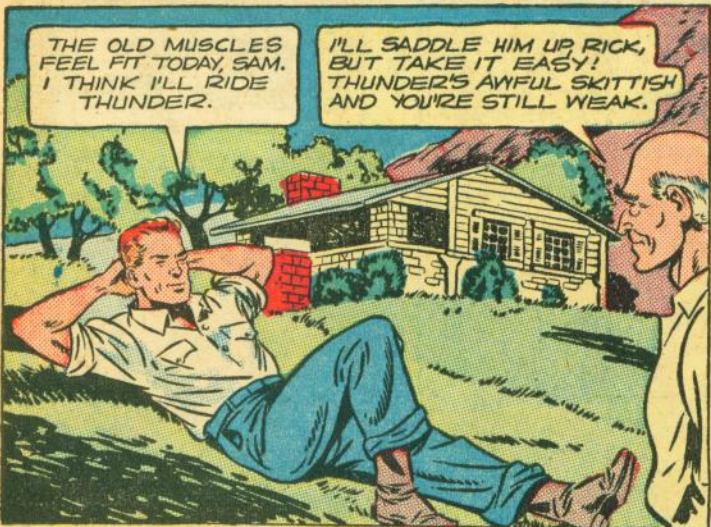
AS SOON AS THE REPORTS ARE AVAILABLE—BRING THEM TO THE LODGE, BRATZ. I'M WAY BEHIND ON MY BUSINESS AFFAIRS!



THANK HEAVEN HE'S GONE! IF RICHARDS SEES THOSE REPORTS HE'LL KNOW I'VE BEEN PUTTING THE PROFITS IN MY OWN POCKETS!



I'M IN TOO DEEP TO BACK OUT! I'VE GOT TO PROTECT MYSELF, OR I'LL ROT IN JAIL FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!

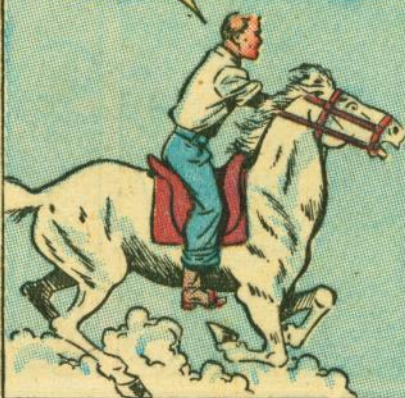


WITH THE SHOT, RICK EXPERIENCES A STRANGE CHANGE WITHIN HIS BODY.....

THAT'S QUEER!! I FEEL A SUDDEN FLUSH OF STRENGTH! I'M HOLDING IN THUNDER WITH EASE!



I'LL BE DARNED! EVEN BEFORE I WAS WOUNDED, I COULDN'T HOLD THUNDER LIKE THAT! BUT AS SOON AS I HEARD THAT SHOT, I FELT EXTRA POWERFUL!



BLAST IT! HE MANAGED TO CONTROL THE HORSE! I'LL HAVE TO GET HIM LATER!



LATER

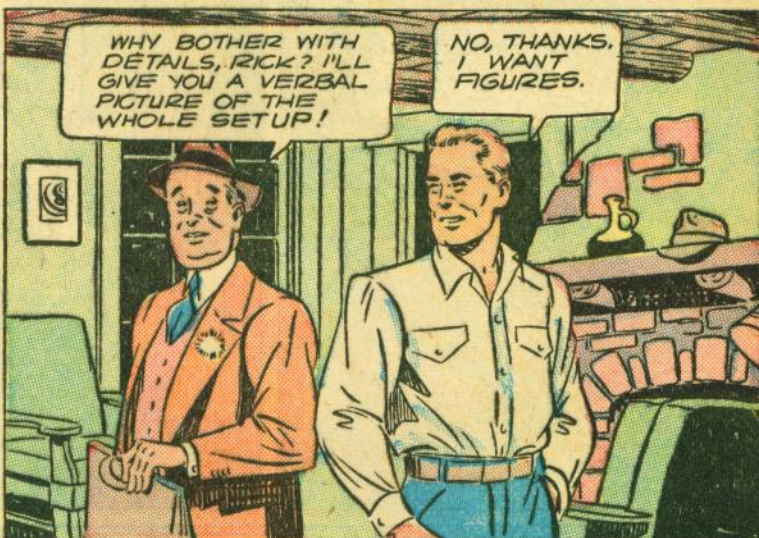
HELLO, RICK! GLAD TO SEE YOU LOOKING SO WELL!

THANKS, BRATZ. DID YOU BRING THE PAPERS?



WHY BOTHER WITH DETAILS, RICK? I'LL GIVE YOU A VERBAL PICTURE OF THE WHOLE SETUP!

NO, THANKS. I WANT FIGURES.



IT'S TERRIBLY HOT! WOULDN'T YOU LIKE A DRINK?

GOOD IDEA! THE GINGER ALE IS IN THE ICE BOX.



THESE PILLS WILL KNOCK HIM OUT QUICKER THAN JOE LOUIS COULD KAYO MICKEY MOUSE!



THIS REPORT ISN'T CLEAR, BRATZ! WHY IS THE COPPER MINE SHOWING A LOSS?

COOL DOWN WITH THIS DRINK, AND I'LL EXPLAIN!

(EVERYTHING WILL SOON BE CRYSTAL CLEAR!)

FEELING SLEEPY?

UMM... FUNNY THING. FEEL LIKE TAKING A NAP...

HE PASSED OUT! AND HE'LL NEVER HAVE A CHANCE TO COME TO!

THUMP!

WHAT IN TARNATION GOES ON HERE?

I FORGOT ABOUT YOU, SAM... BUT I'LL MAKE UP FOR THAT!

I NEVER DID LIKE YOUR LOOKS...
OW!

EVERY BIT OF EVIDENCE WILL BE BURNED! I'LL BE IN THE CLEAR!

THE HEAT OF THE FLAMES
REVIVE RICK!

WITH THESE PAPERS IN
MY POSSESSION AND RICK
OUT OF THE WAY, I'LL BE
MASTER OF THE RICHARD S
FORTUNE, ONE OF THE
WORLD'S WEALTHIEST MEN!

WHAT TH—? I
CAN'T MOVE! AND I'M
MEDIUM RARE
ALREADY!

NO USE! I CAN'T BREAK
THIS ROPE! I NEED EXTRA
STRENGTH, LIKE I HAD ON
THUNDER WHEN THAT SHOT
WAS FIRED—SAY!

IT'S ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION,
BUT IF A SUDDEN NOISE MADE
ME POWERFUL ONCE, IT MIGHT
HAPPEN AGAIN!

CRASH!

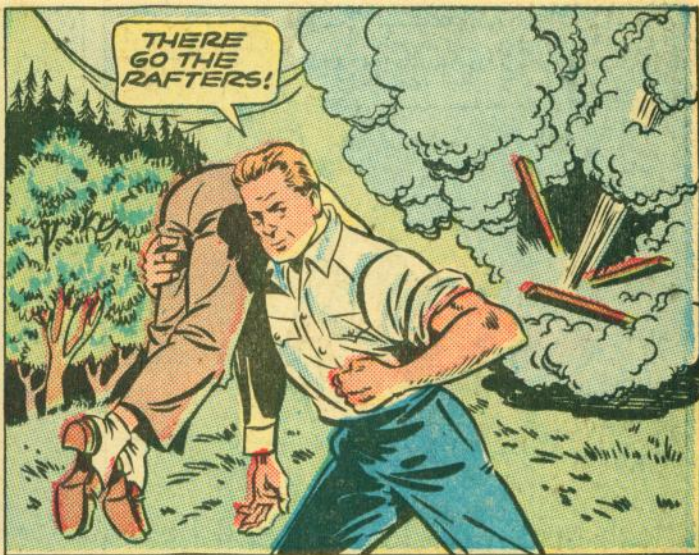
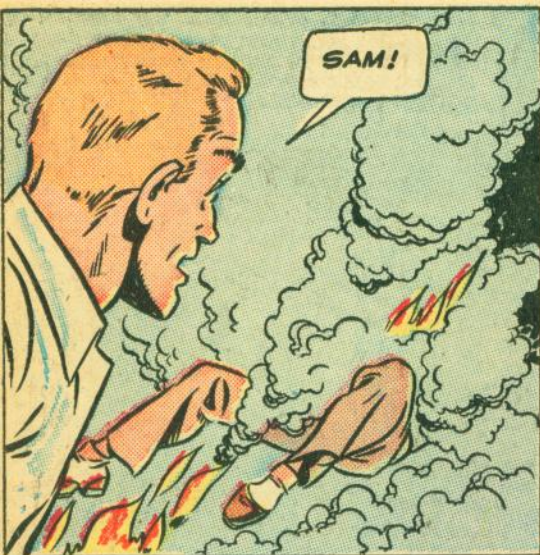
ONCE AGAIN RICK'S BODY IS SUFFUSED WITH
EXTRAORDINARY STRENGTH!

HOLY MACKEREL! I'M
POPPING THIS ROPE AS
IF IT WERE STRING!

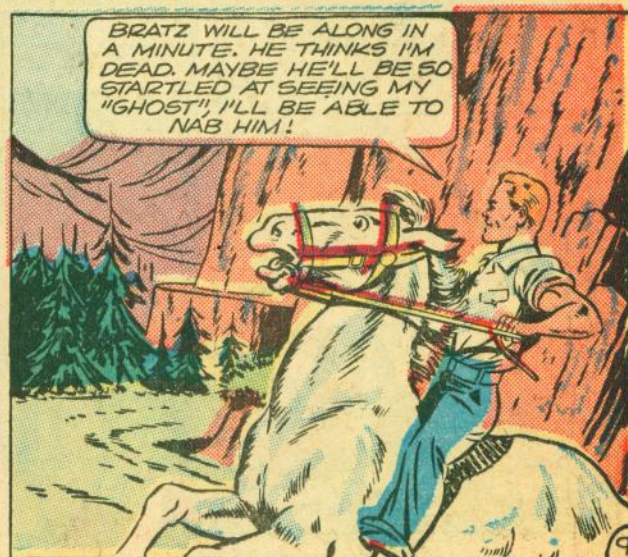
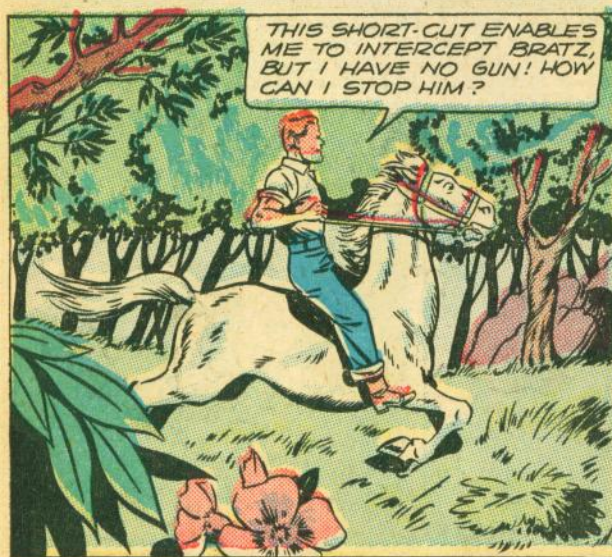
SNAP!

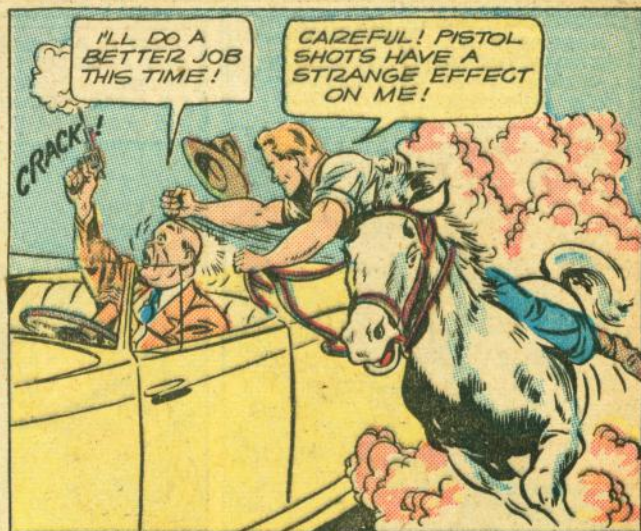
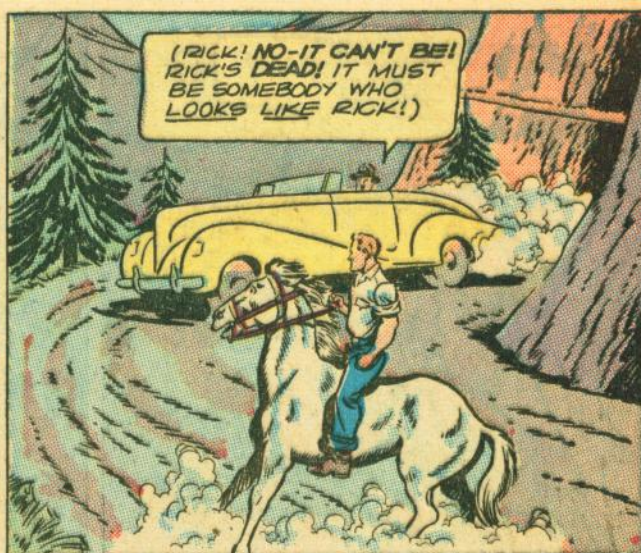
SNAP!

THOSE BONDS BROKE JUST
IN TIME! THIS PLACE IS
READY TO FOLD UP!—OOP!
WHAT DID I STUMBLE OVER?



I'VE BEEN BATTLING KILLERS FOR TWO YEARS! IT'S GETTING TO BE A HABIT!





LATER-

THE MEDICOS WILL SURELY PASS ME WHEN THEY LEARN ABOUT THOSE FLUSHES OF EXTRA STRENGTH I'VE SUDDENLY DEVELOPED!

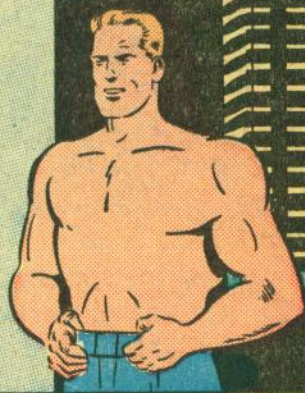


U.S. MARINE
RECRUITING
OFFICE
62ND FLOOR
ROOM 61

YOU'VE MADE A REMARKABLE RECOVERY, RICHARDS! YOU SEEM TO BE IN TIPTOP SHAPE!



BETTER THAN EVER, DOC. IN FACT—SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED!



WHENEVER I HEAR A SHARP NOISE, I'M FLOODED WITH NEW POWER!



HM. I SEE YOUR ADRENAL GLAND WAS WOUNDED!



I HAVE TO REJECT YOU, RICHARDS. SOMETHING RARE AND REMARKABLE HAS HAPPENED TO YOU!



WHAT? YOU'RE REJECTING ME BECAUSE I'M STRONGER THAN EVER? I DON'T GET IT!



THE ADRENAL IS THE GLAND OF BATTLE. IN EMERGENCIES ADRENALIN PEP'S UP THE ENTIRE BODY WITH TEMPORARY STRENGTH. YOUR ADRENAL WAS OVER-STIMULATED. IT'S SO SENSITIVE AND LARGE THAT IT GIVES YOU TREMENDOUS DOSES OF ADRENALIN!



THE CONSTANT FIRE OF BATTLE WOULD WORK YOUR ADRENAL OVER-TIME; WEAR YOU OUT IN A FEW DAYS!



THIS IS THE FIRST CASE OF A MAN BEING REJECTED FOR TOO MUCH STRENGTH!



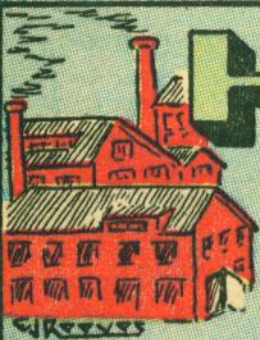
KEEP THE CHANGE, KID. AH, ME, BACK TO HUMDRUM CIVILIAN LIFE ONCE MORE!



GEE, THANKS!



DON'T LET IT GET YOU, RICK! YOUR FUTURE HOLDS PLENTY OF SPINE-JOLTING ADVENTURE!



HEAD MAN

by John Graham



BIG MIKE MALONEY watched the slim figure of the new man working quietly and efficiently at his machine, and hatred smouldered deep within his immense chest. Mike clenched great, hairy fists and muttered to himself. He had been defied for the last time by that young squirt. This noon hour would see a showdown—a showdown that boded ill for the new fellow.

Mike occupied no position of authority in the Nelson Machine Works, yet no one disputed his word. He was a huge, mean-tempered man who believed in merely working hard enough to put up a front. Bad as this was, he would allow no one else to put forth his best efforts, lest Big Mike Maloney be exposed for the faker he was. True, a couple of conscientious foremen had tried to remedy this situation, but batterings at the hands of Big Mike had quickly established who was the actual boss of the shop.

Yes, Mike assured himself he was the head man of the

Nelson Machine Works and would prove it again very shortly at the expense of this new kid. He grinned at the prospect of his mighty knuckles crunching against that youthful face. Well, the new guy had it coming, didn't he? Mike had warned him to take it easy, and still the fool persisted in working hard. He'd pay dearly for defying Big Mike Maloney!

The noon whistle shrilled and the workers spilled eagerly into the neat recreation yard. Mike, however, walked out deliberately and watched the new fellow, who formed part of a laughing group. His popularity was unquestioned and this annoyed Big Mike all the more. Despite his own reign of terror, he had never achieved the friendship of the others. They hated him and he knew it.

He walked over to the group, shoved his way roughly through, and seized the youngster by the shirt. The rest of the men backed off in fright, but the young fellow regarded Mike with

surprise. There was no alarm in his light blue eyes.

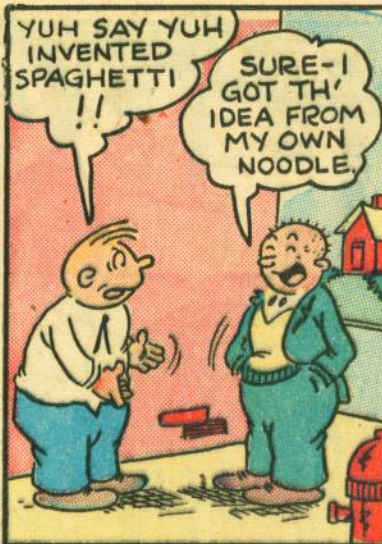
"Look, punk," Mike snarled, "I told you over and over that I wanted you to work easy, didn't I? Well, maybe, since you don't understand words so good, this will make it clear."

The ponderous blow, however, failed to land. The new man slipped his head quickly to one side, wrestled loose of Big Mike's grasp, and countered quickly with a volley of blows. Mike sagged under the assault delivered with scientific fury, and finally slumped to the ground. He didn't try to get up. Dazed as he was by the punches, the words of the young man completed his rout.

"Look, big boy." The victor laughed. "I'm just back from New Guinea, where we ate guys like you for breakfast. And maybe you didn't get the name. It's Nelson, Johnny Nelson, the owner's son. Dad's been wondering what was wrong with production, so you better start travelling, mister—and fast!"

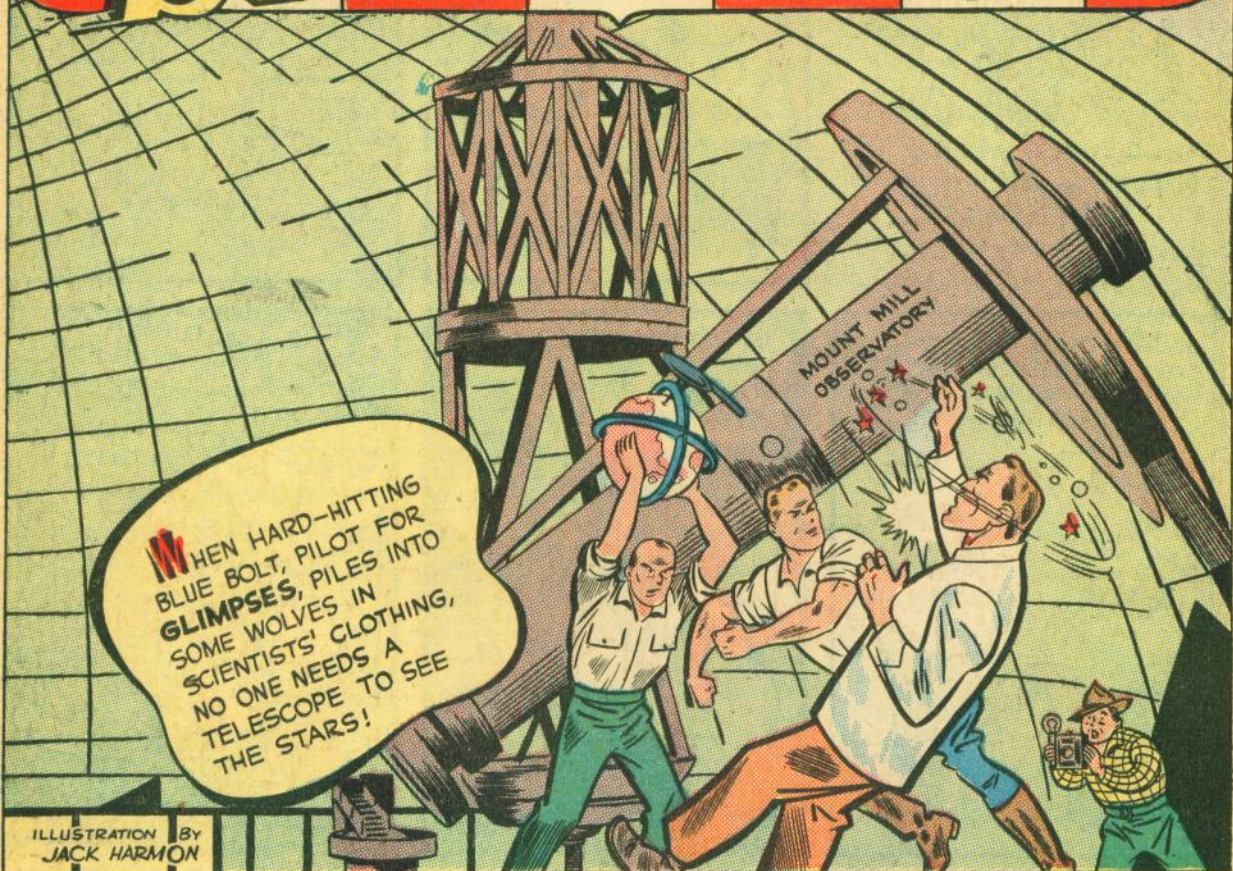
RARE HITLER STAMP
 Every HITLER stamp found by the Allied Armies in Germany has been destroyed! But some of them were smuggled out when we first invaded Germany. We'll send a German HITLER stamp, GUARANTEED GENUINE, together with a scarce, large classic U. S. 19th century commemorative stamp, Free French Schooner stamp, Greece 2 Queens Commemorative stamp, New Zealand "rare Kiwi" bird stamp, scarce Andorra Malta stamp, and others, also a new 1947 type perforation gauge for measuring stamps, all for only 10c to approval applicants. W. PENN STAMP CO., P. O. Box 303, Phila. 5, Pa.

**FOR THRILLING
 DETECTIVE PICTURE
 TALES READ
 YOUNG KING COLE**
 --EVERY OTHER
 MONTH AT YOUR
 NEWSSTAND...



BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



RETURNED FROM SOUTH AMERICA, BLUE BOLT AND SNAP DOODLE REPORT TO EDITOR MAC REED—

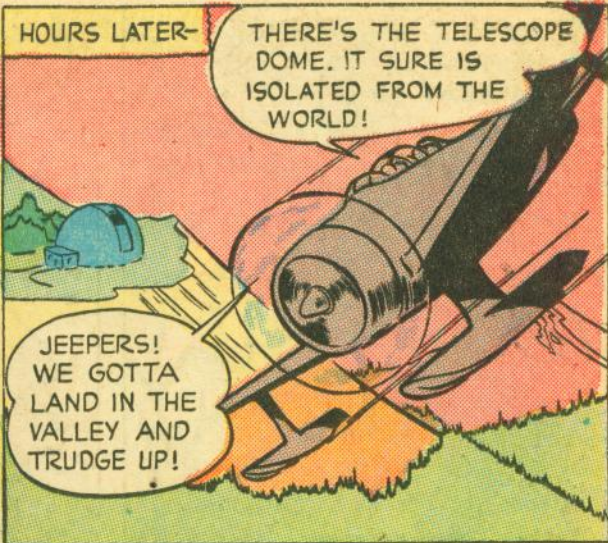


SOON THE **GLIMPSES** PLANE ROARS TOWARD THE ROCKIES.



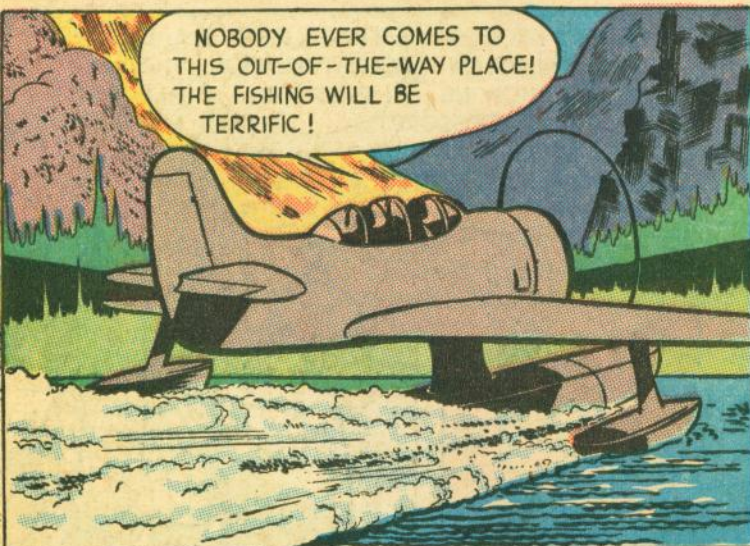
WE'LL DO A QUICK YARN ON THE OLD STARGAZER- AND THEN SPEND A WEEK RACKING UP TROUT!

HOURS LATER-



THERE'S THE TELESCOPE DOME. IT SURE IS ISOLATED FROM THE WORLD!

JEEPERS! WE GOTTA LAND IN THE VALLEY AND TRUDGE UP!



NOBODY EVER COMES TO THIS OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACE! THE FISHING WILL BE TERRIFIC!



SOON-

BUCK UP, SNAP! IT'S JUST AHEAD!

WHEW! QUITE A CLIMB, JUST TO LEARN ABOUT ANOTHER STAR!

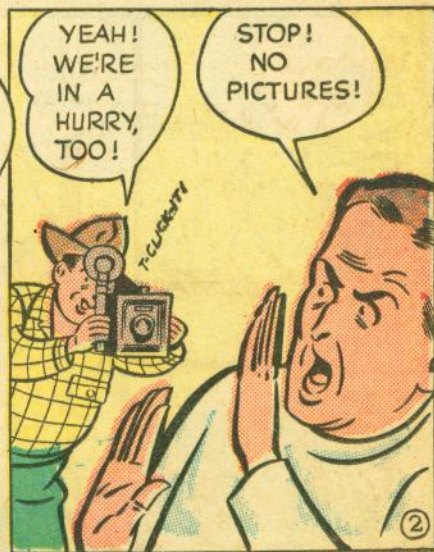


PROFESSOR BELTON! YOU HAVE VISITORS FROM **GLIMPSES**, THE PICTURE MAGAZINE!



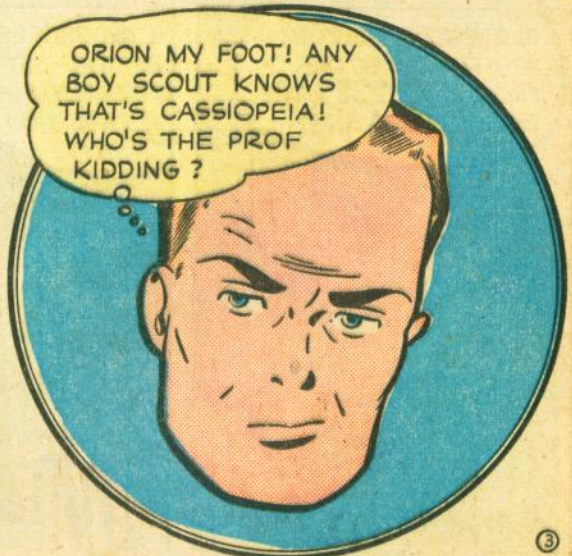
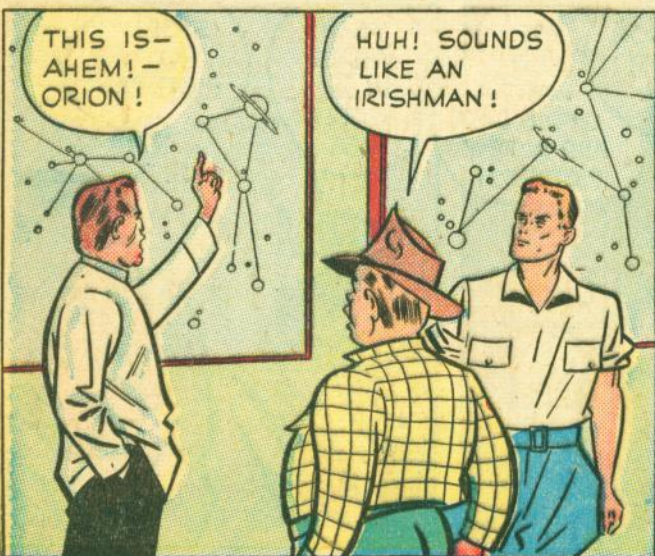
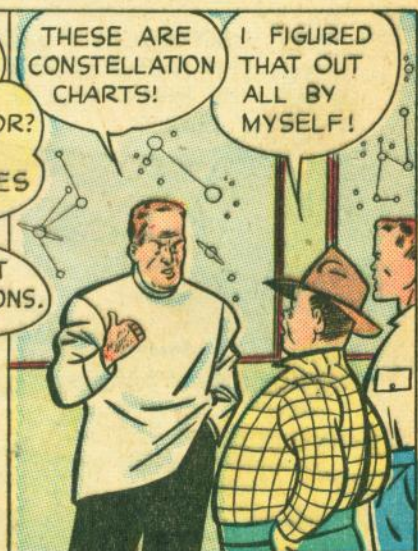
I AM PROFESSOR BELTON - BUT I'M TERRIBLY BUSY. PLEASE GO AWAY!

WE JUST WANT A LITTLE DATA AND A FEW PICTURES!



YEAH! WE'RE IN A HURRY, TOO!

STOP! NO PICTURES!



THOSE ARE MY ASSISTANTS. BRILLIANT MEN! HARVARD AND OXFORD PRODUCTS!

HMMM....MORE LIKELY SING SING AND ALCATRAZ! WHAT GOES ON HERE?

SNAP! THIS DEAL IS PHONY! HOLD THE ATTENTION OF THESE MUGS WHILE I SNOOP AROUND!

OKAY!

GATHER ROUND, LADS! I GOT A COLLECTION OF THE LATEST JOKES. THEY'LL KEEP YOU IN STITCHES!

I COULD USE A FEW LAUGHS. DIS PLACE IS GETTIN' ON ME NOIVES!

LISTEN TO THIS ONE! IT SEEMS THERE WERE TEN BRICKLAYERS AND THEY ALL.....BLA-BLA-BLA....

WHILE SNAP LABORS FOR LAUGHS, BLUE BOLT SEARCHES THE GROUNDS—

NOTHING YET— BUT I'M SURE THAT GUY ISN'T REALLY PROFESSOR BELTON. I'D BETTER CHECK THAT SHACK!

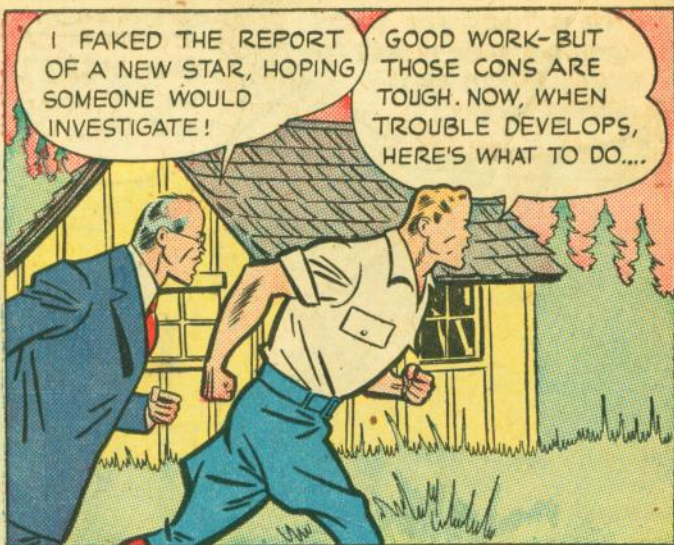
YIPE!

THANK HEAVENS SOMEONE CAME! I'M PROFESSOR BELTON, THE ASTRONOMER!

THOSE MEN ARE ESCAPED CONVICTS, AND THEY CERTAINLY PICKED A GOOD HIDING PLACE. THEY ALLOWED ME TO SEND MY PERIODIC REPORTS, SO NOBODY WOULD SUSPECT I WAS A CAPTIVE!

I FAKED THE REPORT OF A NEW STAR, HOPING SOMEONE WOULD INVESTIGATE!

GOOD WORK-BUT THOSE CONS ARE TOUGH. NOW, WHEN TROUBLE DEVELOPS, HERE'S WHAT TO DO....



MEANWHILE, SNAP'S JOKES ARE FALLING FLAT!

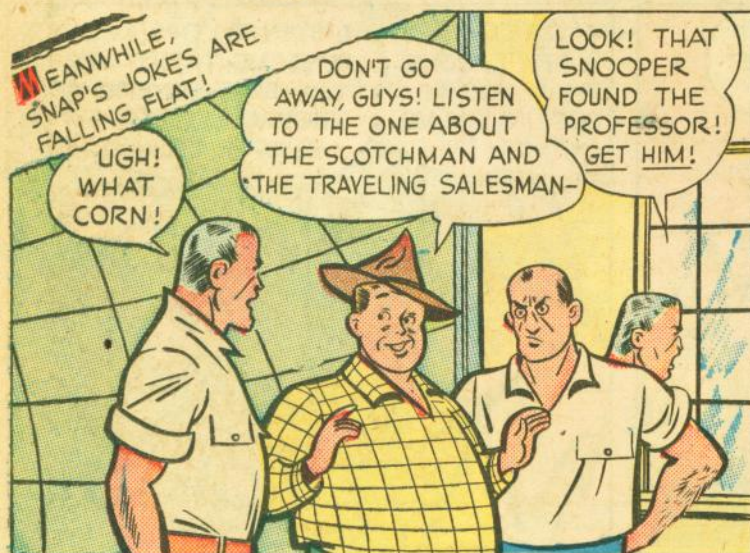
UGH! WHAT CORN!

DON'T GO AWAY, GUYS! LISTEN TO THE ONE ABOUT THE SCOTCHMAN AND THE TRAVELING SALESMAN-

LOOK! THAT SNOOPER FOUND THE PROFESSOR! GET HIM!

BLUE BOLT! RUN! OH!

THAT'S WHAT YOUR PAL WILL GET, TOO!



GET THE YOUNG GUY FIRST! THE PROF IS HARMLESS!



RUNNING WON'T HELP YOU, PUNK! YOU'RE TRAPPED!



5

(THIS IS THE RIGHT SPOT! HOPE THE PROF HEARS MY SIGNAL!) OPEN 'ER UP, PROF! HURRY!

MEANWHILE, THE PROFESSOR HAS RACED INTO THE OBSERVATORY, AND, ON HEARING THE SIGNAL—

HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

I'M OPENING THE ROOF! I EXPECT SOME FRIENDS TO DROP IN!



THE ROOF SLIDES OPEN BENEATH THE THUGS!

HELP! IT'S AN OITHQUAKE!



HOLD THAT POSE, GENTS! SMILE FOR THE CAMERA—HEH! HEH! AT LEAST I LIKE MY JOKES!

THIS WILL TAKE ALL THE FIGHT OUT OF THE SCOUNDRELS!

WHUMP!

WHACK!



LATER

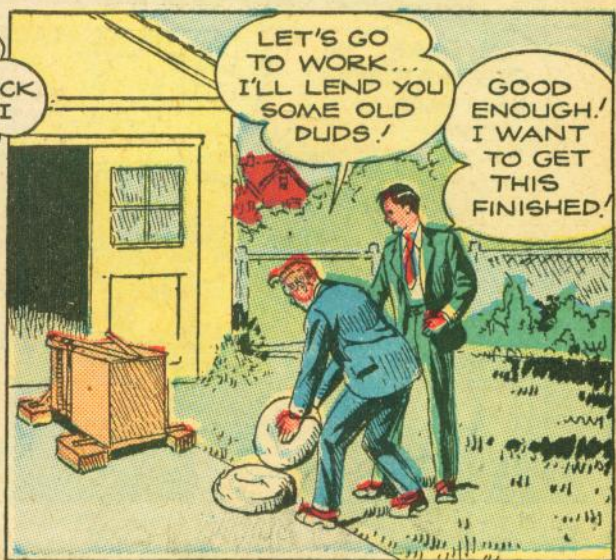
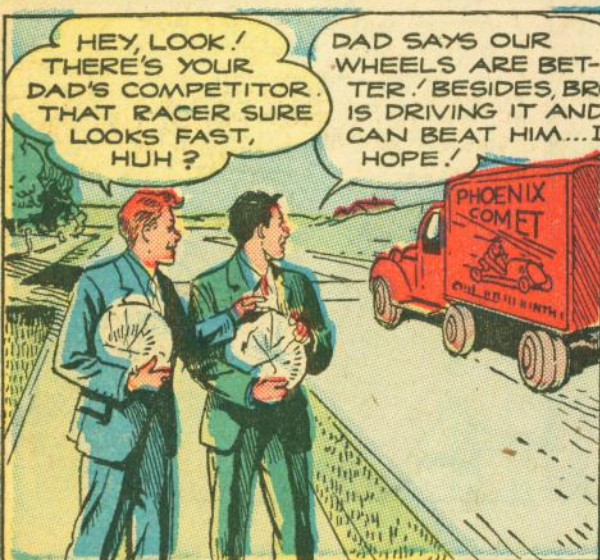
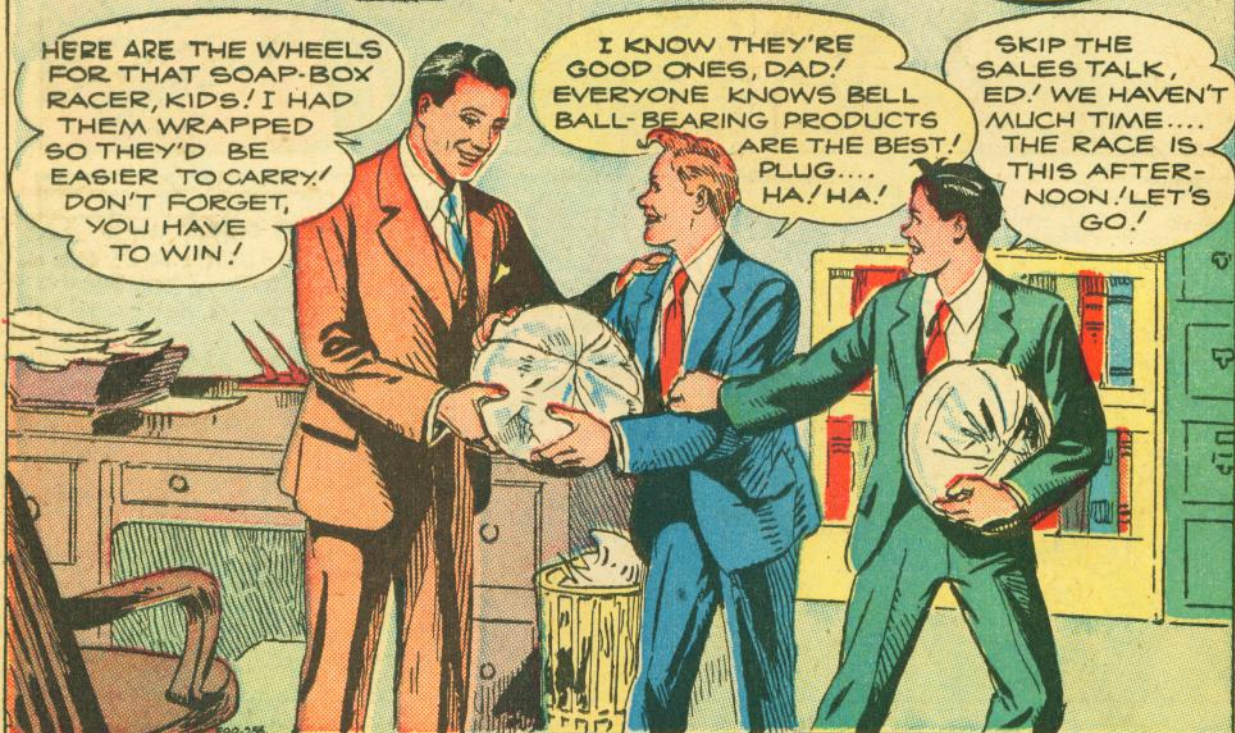
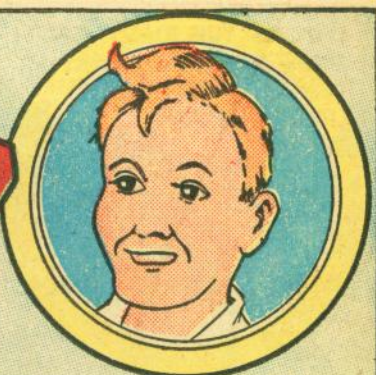
I'M GLAD OBSERVATORIES HAVE SLIDING ROOFS!

YES! IT'S A WONDERFUL PLACE! CARE TO STAY AND LOOK AT THE HEAVENS FOR A FEW DAYS?



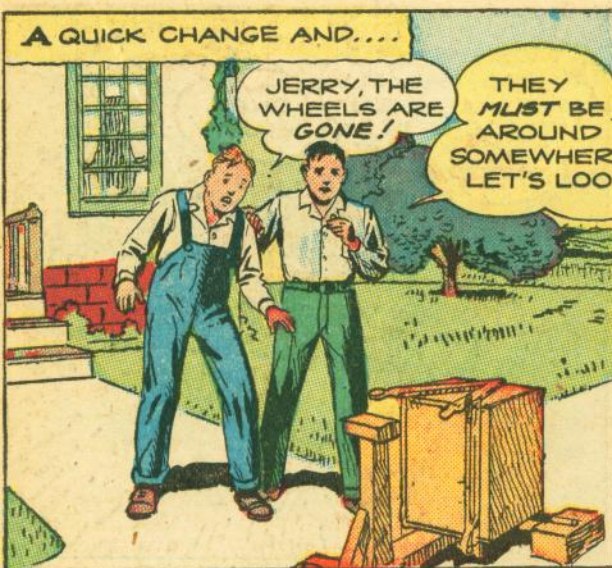
YOU CAN KEEP THE BIG DIPPER AND THE MILKY WAY, PROF! WE'RE OFF IN SEARCH OF SOME LOWLY FISH—BUT THANKS FOR THE STORY! GLIMPSES WILL LOVE IT!

Edison Bell



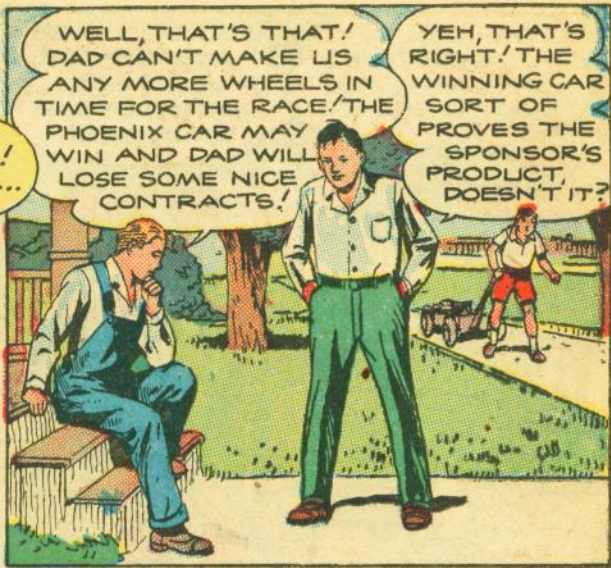
QUESTION No. 13. Where is the most famous auto-racing speedway in the U. S. located?

A QUICK CHANGE AND....



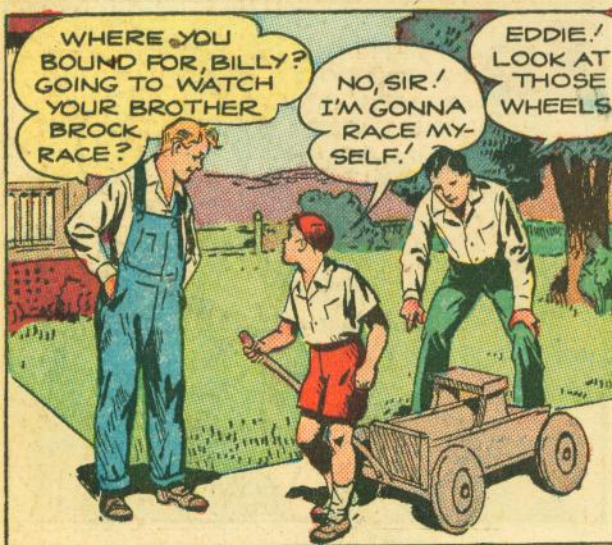
JERRY, THE WHEELS ARE GONE!

THEY *MUST* BE AROUND SOMEWHERE! LET'S LOOK...



WELL, THAT'S THAT! DAD CAN'T MAKE US ANY MORE WHEELS IN TIME FOR THE RACE. THE PHOENIX CAR MAY WIN AND DAD WILL LOSE SOME NICE CONTRACTS!

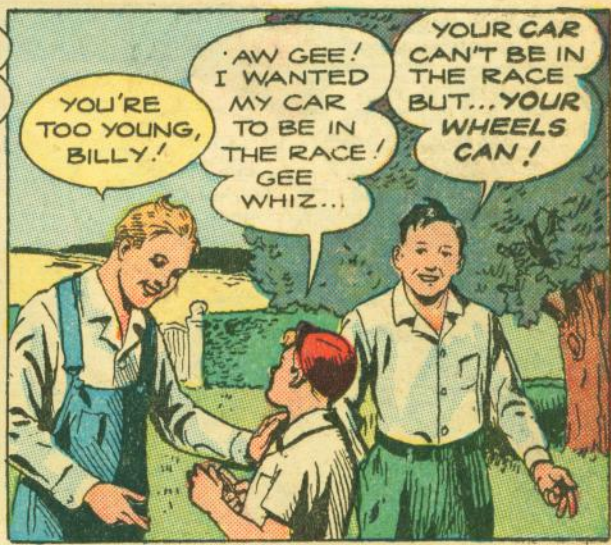
YEH, THAT'S RIGHT! THE WINNING CAR SORT OF PROVES THE SPONSOR'S PRODUCT, DOESN'T IT?



WHERE YOU BOUND FOR, BILLY? GOING TO WATCH YOUR BROTHER BROCK RACE?

NO, SIR! I'M GONNA RACE MY-SELF!

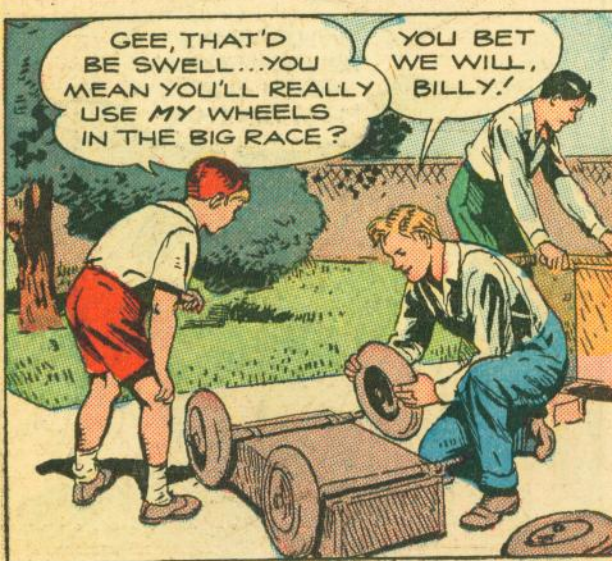
EDDIE! LOOK AT THOSE WHEELS...



YOU'RE TOO YOUNG, BILLY!

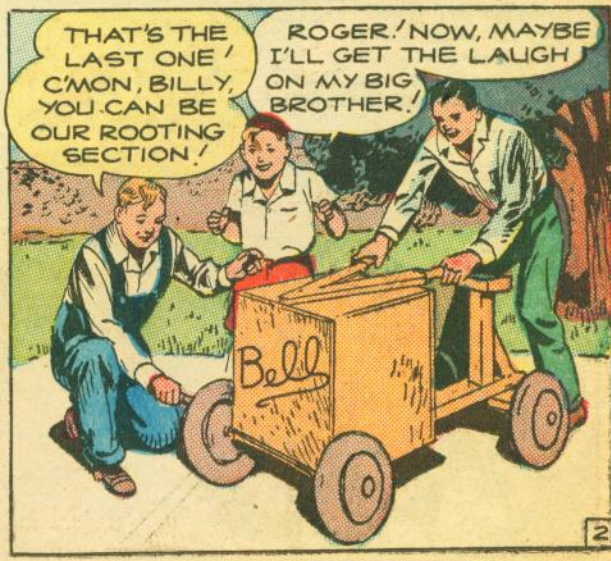
'AW GEE! I WANTED MY CAR TO BE IN THE RACE! GEE WHIZ...

YOUR CAR CAN'T BE IN THE RACE BUT... YOUR WHEELS CAN!



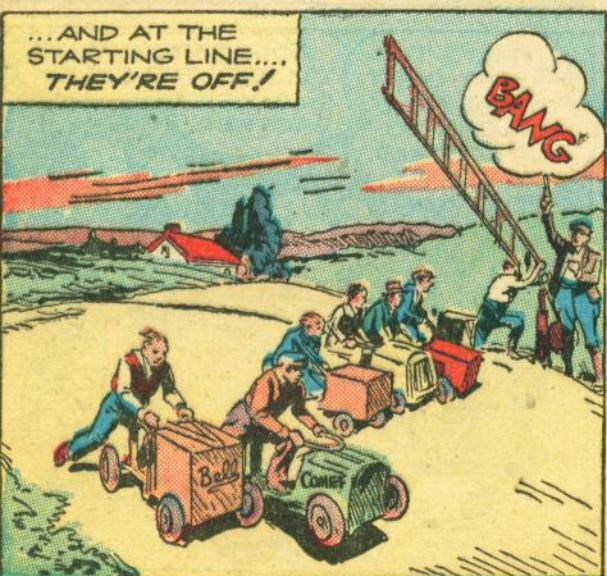
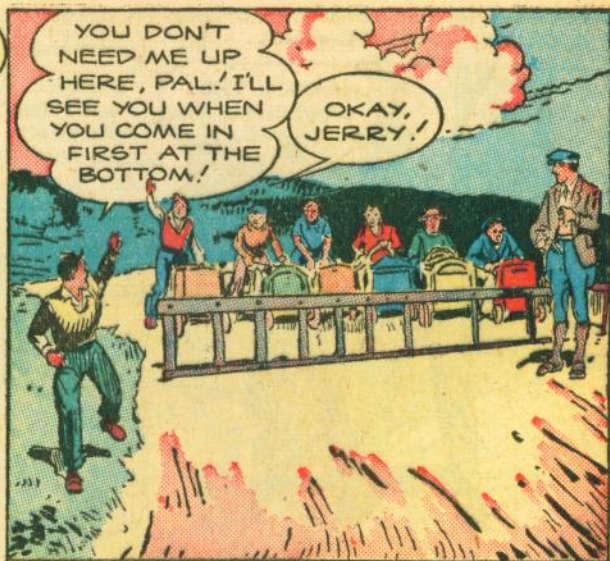
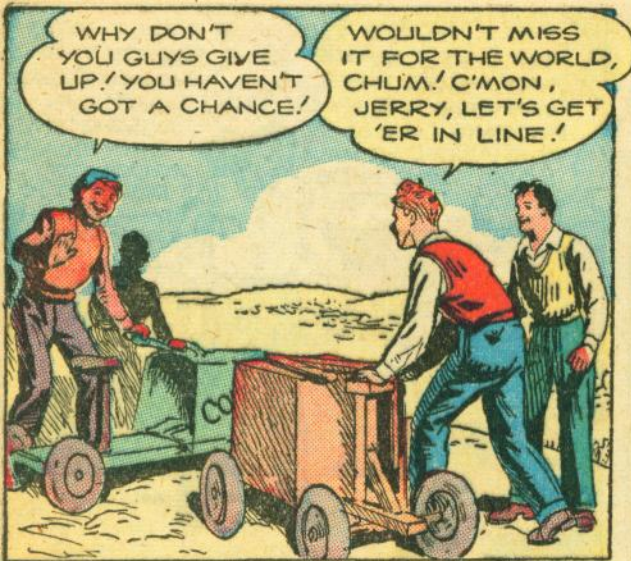
GEE, THAT'D BE SWELL... YOU MEAN YOU'LL REALLY USE MY WHEELS IN THE BIG RACE?

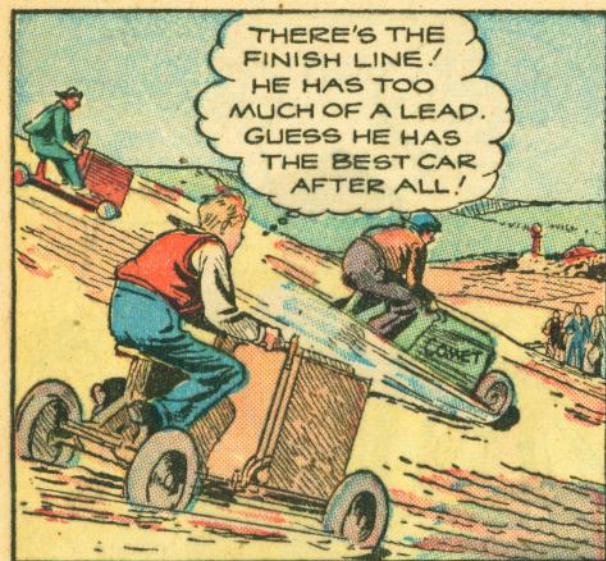
YOU BET WE WILL, BILLY!

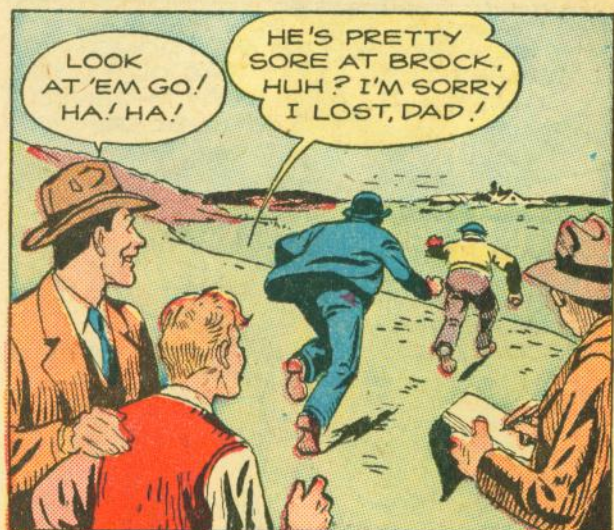
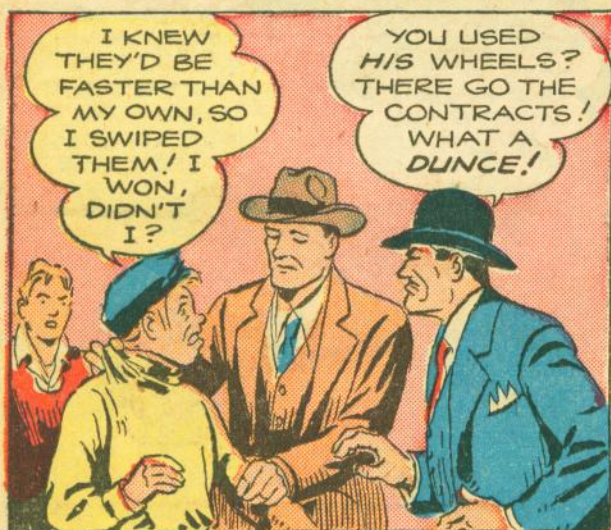
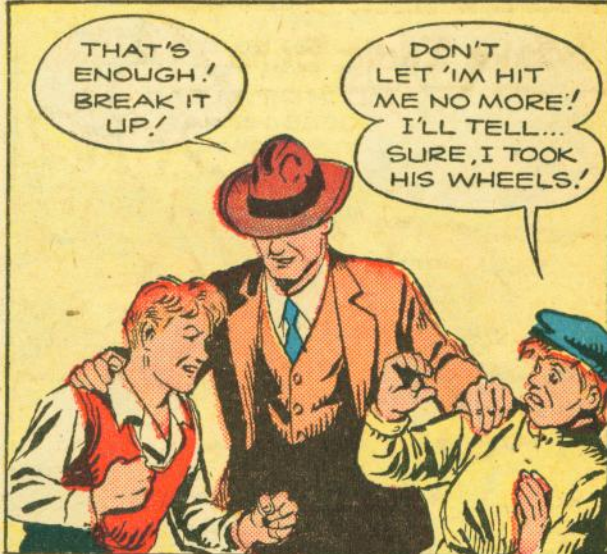


THAT'S THE LAST ONE! C'MON, BILLY, YOU CAN BE OUR ROOTING SECTION!

ROGER! NOW, MAYBE I'LL GET THE LAUGH ON MY BIG BROTHER!







Make Eddie Bell's

Soap-Box SPEEDER

STEERING WHEEL DETAIL

ROUND,
WOODEN
PEACH-
BASKET
BOTTOM

SPLIT AND
NOTCH A
LENGTH OF
GARDEN
HOSE, TACK
AROUND
EDGE.

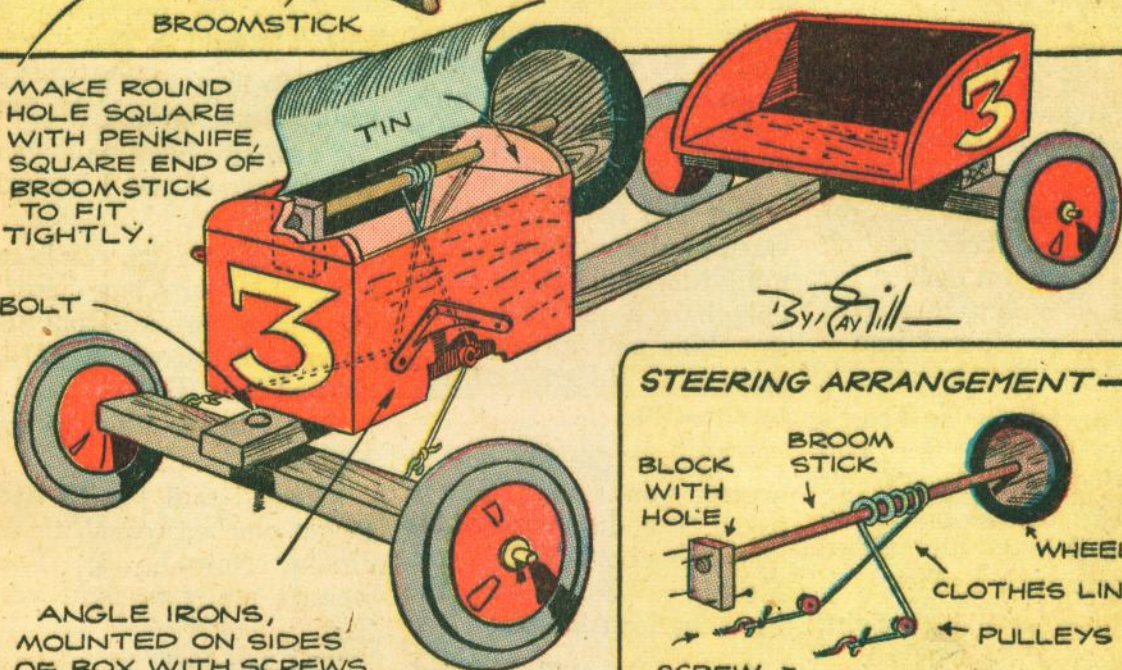
BROOMSTICK

MAKE ROUND
HOLE SQUARE
WITH PENKNIFE,
SQUARE END OF
BROOMSTICK
TO FIT
TIGHTLY.

BOLT

TIN

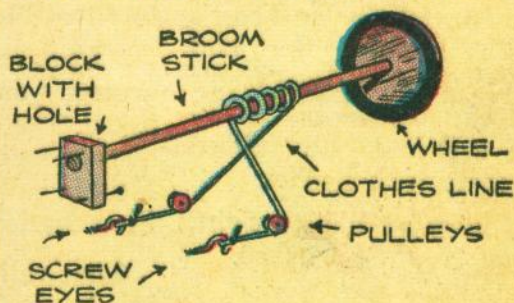
HERE IT IS, GANG, AS SWEET A COASTER-RACER AS YOU'D CARE TO BUILD AND OWN. NOTHING FANCY OR COMPLICATED, JUST A FEW IMPROVEMENTS ADDED TO THE DESIGN EVERY BOY ALREADY KNOWS. SO GET STARTED. THE HILLS ARE WAITING!



ANGLE IRONS,
MOUNTED ON SIDES
OF BOX WITH SCREWS,
MAKE HANDY FOOT-
RESTS. THIS ALLOWS
PLENTY OF ROOM FOR
FRONT WHEELS TO
SWING WHEN MAKING
SHARP TURNS.

USE TWO BY FOUR INCH BOARDS
FOR CHASSIS, NAIL TOGETHER.

STEERING ARRANGEMENT—



ROPE FROM STEERING SHAFT IS CRISSCROSSED BEFORE IT HITS THE PULLEYS, SO WHEELS WILL TURN TO RIGHT WHEN STEERING WHEEL IS TURNED TO RIGHT, LEFT WHEN WHEEL IS TURNED TO LEFT.



CROOKED FEINT

NEAR the open lot Ted Jackson looked apprehensively about for Joe Frost. He had good reason to be frightened because, for one thing, Joe wasn't there and Slam Holland was. Besides, Slam had a couple of roughnecks with him and Ted knew they were waiting to take him over.

Ted was a frail kid who didn't like to fight and he had first met Joe when the big husky good-natured guy had stopped a fight in which Slam Holland and some of his gang had been beating the daylights out of Ted for no better reason than that they had considered him a sissy.

Back safely in Joe Frost's hall bedroom, Joe had cleaned the dirt from Ted's cuts, had bathed his blackened eye and had rubbed him down with alcohol.

"You don't like to fight, do you, Ted?" Joe asked.

"No, sir," replied Ted.

"Well, wouldn't think you'd have to, but if you do sometime, I'm going to see that you give those hoodlums a surprise." Joe grinned and Ted smiled back. "Look, kid," Joe continued, "suppose I give you some lessons in the manly art. Then all

of a sudden you can give Slam a roughing that he won't forget."

"You will?" Ted asked excitedly. "Honest?"

That's the way it had been. Joe, who never seemed to have any work to do, but who never seemed to worry about it, stopped at school every afternoon and took Ted to his room and taught him about left jabs, stances, right crosses and all the other tricks of a boxer.

But Ted felt now that he wasn't quite ready. It would muffle the whole thing to do only half a job. Yet Slam saw him and already was upon him. He grabbed Ted by the arm.

"Where's the big guy to protect you now?" Slam asked. Then he answered his own question. "I'll tell you. He's in jail for robbing the First National Bank."

That's all that Ted needed. He let go with everything Joe had taught him. Feints, crosses, jabs, uppercuts, right hooks. Before he had fought five minutes he suddenly realized that Slam and his crowd were but a batch of amateurs. He swelled with pride and let go some more.

When he got to Joe's rooming house, Joe was talking to the landlady.

He heard her tell Joe: "I want the room. I don't want any thieves in my house."

Ted waited for Joe to deny it, but he didn't. Tears came to Ted's eyes, and then Joe saw him.

"Come on up while I pack," he said to Ted.

When they were inside he said, "Been fighting, Ted?"

"Yes, sir. Slam said you were a crook and I socked him."

Joe smiled. "Can you keep a secret, Ted? Come here." He pulled a wallet from his pocket, extracted a card, showed it to Ted.

Ted gasped. "You're an FBI man!"

"Yeah," said Joe. "I had to get pinched to nab those crooks. Now look. You weren't ready to fight yet, Ted."

Ted laughed. "I took a beating from Slam before, just because he didn't like me. I guess I could risk one to stand by my... best friend! Anyway, I made a monkey out of him and his whole crowd."

Joe laughed and slapped Ted on the back. "Nice going, kid," he said.

OLD CAP HAWKINS' TRUE TALES

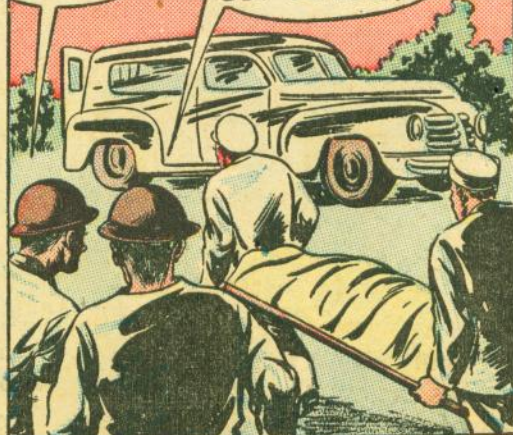


EDDIE JONES
LIVES IN
NEW YORK-
THE CITY
OF SUBWAYS,
THE LABYRINTH
OF TUNNELS.
THE 8TH
AVENUE SUBWAY
WAS UNDER
CONSTRUCTION,
WHEN...



WHAT
HAPPENED?

ANOTHER ACCIDENT, KID.
MASTER MECHANIC'S FACE
GOT SCALDED.



MEANS ANOTHER TIE-UP
FOR US UNTIL THE BOSS
REPLACES HIM.

THAT WON'T
TAKE LONG.
HERE'S THE MAN
FOR THE JOB!



BLUE BOLT

YOU, KID? OH, SURE.
TALK TO MONTGOMERY,
THE SUPER.

HE NEEDS
A BIG
LAUGH.



IN THE TUNNEL BULKHEAD.
..AND THIS KID WANTS TO
BE MASTER MECHANIC!

THAT'S A
HOT ONE!

I'D LIKE TO
WATCH MONT-
GOMERY TOSSIN'
HIM OUT!



WHILE ABOVE IN THE
OFFICE

..AND I WAS SHOP FOREMAN
ON THE HOLLAND TUNNEL,
THEN MECHANIC ON THE 8TH
AVENUE UPTOWN SECTION.
I'VE NEVER WORKED BELOW,
BUT I KNOW EVERY PIECE
OF MACHINERY....



HALF-HOUR LATER...

BOYS, HERE'S YOUR NEW MECHANIC,
EDDIE JONES. TAKE HIM DOWN TO
THE SHIELD. WE'RE READY TO
GO AGAIN.

JUMPING JONES!
THE KID!



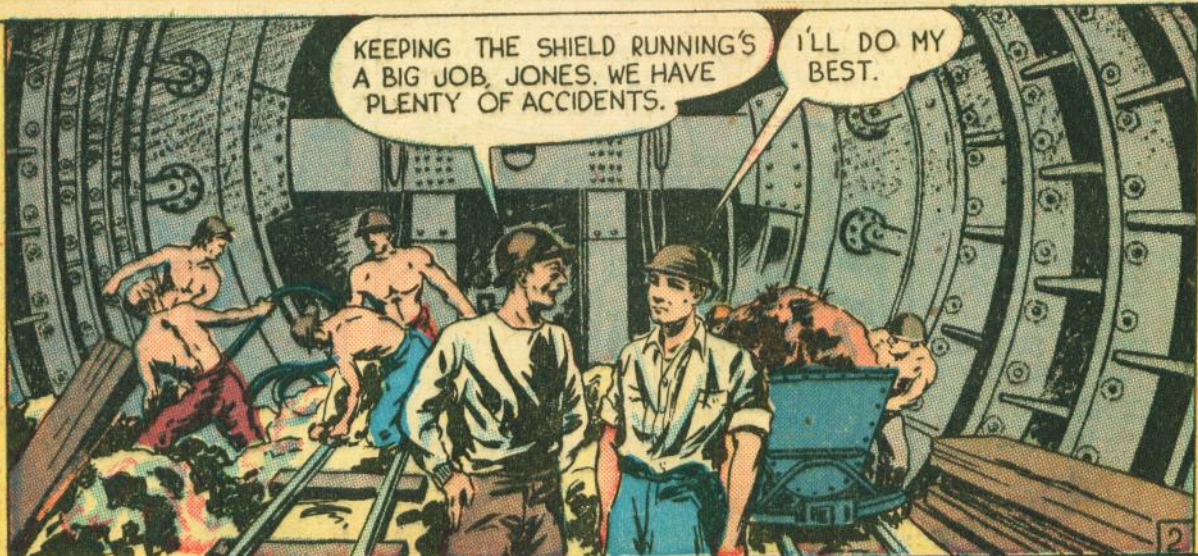
THE SHIELD-A HUGE CYLINDER IN WHICH THE MEN
WORKED



AIR PRESSURE PUMPED INTO THE SHIELD TO
EQUALIZE THE PRESSURE OUTSIDE-AND THE SIDE
WALL PLANKS, HELD THE RIVER AND RIVER BED OUT....
AS EACH STRIP OF WORK WAS DONE, THE SHIELD
WAS MOVED BY HYDRAULIC PRESSURE TO THE
NEXT STRIP.

KEEPING THE SHIELD RUNNING'S
A BIG JOB, JONES. WE HAVE
PLENTY OF ACCIDENTS.

I'LL DO MY
BEST.



QUESTION No. 15. Men working underground take care to avoid the "bends." What are they?

DAYS OF WORK, AND....

THIS STRIP'S FINISHED. WE'RE READY FOR THE SHOVE!

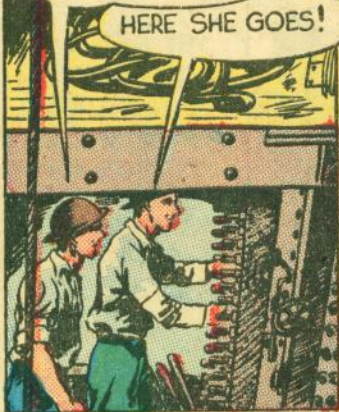
I'LL GIVE THE ORDER.



YOUNG JONES HURRIED TO THE POWERHOUSE

HYDRAULIC PRESSURE UP. SLOW AND STEADY.

HERE SHE GOES!



AS THE SHIELD MOVED AHEAD, HUGE PLATFORMS, HOLDING THE SIDE WALLS ERECT, SLID FORWARD WITH IT. BUT SUDDENLY...

THE PLATFORM'S JAMMED! IT'S PRESSING DOWN!

IF IT JABS THE RIVER BED!...START RUNNING, BILL!



THE NEXT MOMENT - DISASTER!..



A PLATFORM JAMMED AND PUNCHED A HOLE IN THE RIVER BED! BILL MILES IS TRAPPED! I GOT OUT JUST IN TIME!

THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! ANYONE COMING WITH ME?



YOU CAN'T GET THROUGH. THE AIR PRESSURE'S TOO GREAT!

NOT WITH THE SUPPLY OF OXYGEN MASKS I ORDERED FOR EMERGENCY!

OXYGEN.. I'M COMIN'!

ME, TOO!



THROUGH RIVERS OF MUCK, STRONG SANDHOGS PLODDED! DANGEROUS, BREATHTAKING MOMENTS, AND THEN...

GOT HIM!

GIVE HIM AN OXYGEN MASK, QUICK!



Severe stomach cramps, the result of rapid changes in pressure, are called bends. ANSWER No. 15.



LATER...
THE HOLE'S SEALED UP, AND THE BOYS ARE DIGGING OUT THE MUCK. FIRST TIME ANYONE'S BEEN SAVED IN THAT KIND OF ACCIDENT.

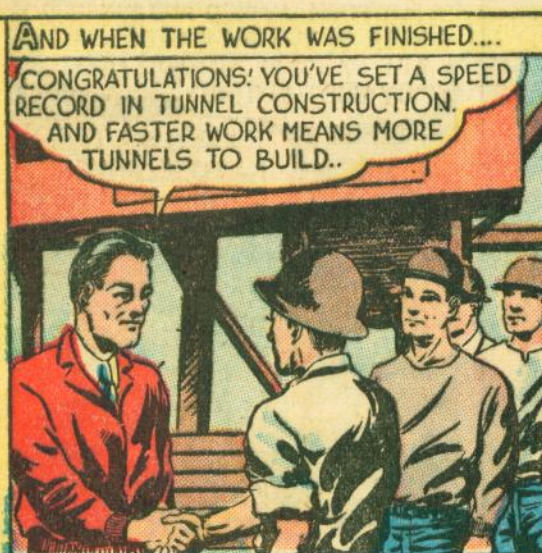
THAT'S THE LAST ACCIDENT OF THIS KIND!...MMM..I SEE WHAT'S WRONG... THIS JACK...

EDDIE ORDERED A CHANGE IN THE MECHANISM. HE ORDERED OTHER THINGS, TOO... BELT CONVEYORS, SAFETY GATES ON THE ELEVATORS, MOTORS ON MUCK CARS...



ALL THIS MACHINERY WILL THROW US OUT OF WORK! THAT JONES!

STOP GRUMBLING! LOOK AT THE GOOD HE'S DONE! HARDLY ANY MORE ACCIDENTS!



AND WHEN THE WORK WAS FINISHED...
CONGRATULATIONS! YOU'VE SET A SPEED RECORD IN TUNNEL CONSTRUCTION. AND FASTER WORK MEANS MORE TUNNELS TO BUILD..



WE'RE ALL GOING ON ANOTHER JOB, MEN. A NEW TUNNEL UNDER THE HUDSON. THE LINCOLN TUNNEL...
JONES SURE KNOWS HIS STUFF!
WHAT DID I TELL YOU?



AGAIN EDDIE SET A CONSTRUCTION RECORD...
I GOT A NEW JOB ALREADY. WHAT'S COOKIN' FOR YOU?
A DATE ON THE EAST RIVER WITH ONE OF THE HEADS OF THE WALSH CONSTRUCTION COMPANY. SOMETHING IS UP.



WE HAVE THE CONTRACT TO BUILD THE QUEENS MIDTOWN TUNNEL.. IT WON'T BE EASY. YOU KNOW THE EAST RIVER...
YES. A BED OF GLACIAL DEPOSITS MUD, SAND, SILT...



WE'LL HAVE TO DIG DEEP. THAT MEANS WE USE MORE AIR PRESSURE TO KEEP THE RIVER OUT. IT'LL BE TOUGH.

I'M COUNTING ON YOU TO COME THROUGH-ON SCHEDULE.



UNDER THE TREACHEROUS EAST RIVER...

A STRONG SHIELD'S MOST IMPORTANT. I'VE SOME NEW IDEAS FOR THE FORWARD PART.

NEW IDEAS.



THEY SAY YOUNG JONES IS FULL OF 'EM. LOTS O' GOOD HERE.

YOU SAID IT, IF THE RIVER MAKES A MOVE IN, NOTHIN' CAN HELP! THAT EAST RIVER BED! WOW!



ONE DAY, DISASTER STRUCK-UNFORESEEN, SURPRISING-PROBABLY A CARELESSLY TOSSED CIGARETTE...



FANNED BY COMPRESSED AIR, FLAMES SPREAD WILDLY OVER THE WOOD FLOORINGS!

NO USE, JONES. WE CAN'T CONTROL IT. IT'LL TAKE A RIVER TO PUT THIS OUT!

THE RIVER! THAT'S IT!



WE'LL DROP THE AIR PRESSURE. THE RIVER'LL FLOW IN. THAT'S THE ONLY WAY...

BUT THE RIVER'LL BRING IN TONS OF MUD AND SILT. TAKE MONTHS TO CLEAR OUT!

IT'LL BANKRUPT THE COMPANY!

THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY... JONES GAVE HIS ORDERS AND THE RIVER - THE SANDHOG'S GREATEST FOE - MOVED IN!

THE EMERGENCY LOCK WILL HOLD THE RIVER TO 27 FEET. NOW EVERYONE OUT!



TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER THE MEN RETURNED TO A FLOODED TUNNEL!

WE'LL PLUG UP THE HOLES WITH THE CLAY FROM THOSE BAGS. THEN WE'LL DREDGE THE WATER...

AND THEN START CLEARING THE TONS OF MUD UNDER HERE...



TONS? THERES NO MORE THAN 3 FEET OF IT ANYWHERE!

WHO YOU KIDDING?

HEY, LOOK OUT!



BUT THE UNFORTUNATE SANDHOG HAD GONE DOWN!

HE'S A GONER! HE'S TRAPPED IN THE MUD!

HE'LL NEVER COME UP!



BUT A MOMENT LATER...

THERE HE IS!

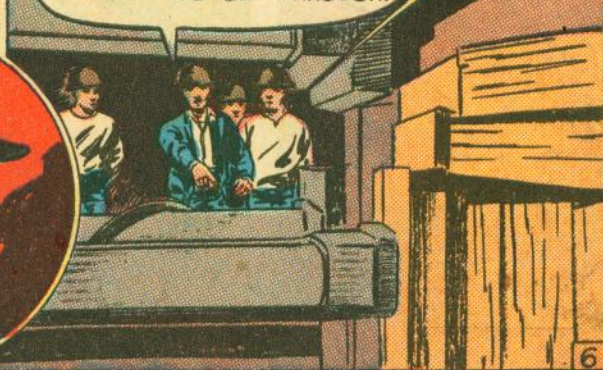
SURE! THERE'S ONLY A COUPLE OF FEET OF MUD DOWN THERE!



LET'S DRIFT OVER TO THE FORWARD SECTION. THAT'S WHERE MOST OF THE MUD WOULD COME THROUGH.... I'LL SHOW YOU.

WE PUT IN STEEL JACKS TO SUPPORT THE WALLS. STEEL DOESN'T BURN, SO THE WALL HELD! AND THERE WASN'T ENOUGH ROOM FOR THE MUD TO GET THROUGH.

YOU SURE BUILT US A SWELL SHIELD!



THE QUEENS MIDTOWN TUNNEL ALSO WAS FINISHED AHEAD OF SCHEDULE. THE TOUGHEST JOB OF RIVER TUNNELING HAD BEEN LICKED... JONES STILL ISN'T SATISFIED. HE'S STILL PLANNING MORE NEW WAYS TO MAKE THE SANDHOG'S LIFE A SAFER ONE!

Krisko AND Jasper

HALP!!
JAS-PER!

LARRUPIN' LIZARDS!
THET DERN FOOL
CAIN'T RIDE AS
GOOD AS HIS
BRITCHES!

YIP-PEE!
RIDE 'EM,
COWBOY!

**YOU'VE SEEN
THE BOYS
THROW THE BULL
LONG ENOUGH!
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE
TO SEE THE BULL
THROW
THEM!**

ART BY
JACK A.
WARREN.

AIN'T THIS LUCK!
--T' RUN INTER
A RODEO---
JASPER---

YEAH, MAN! LE'S
F'GET ALL ABOUT
THE MOVIN'
BUSINESS, AN'
ENJOY OURSELVES!

TA-RA-RA
BOOM
DE-AY

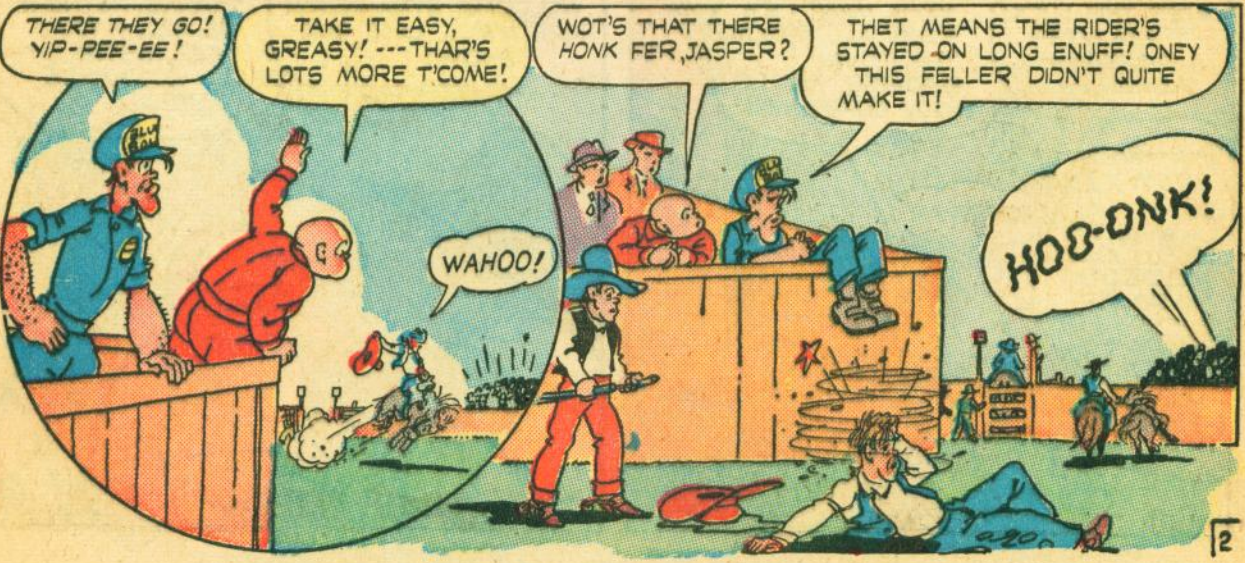
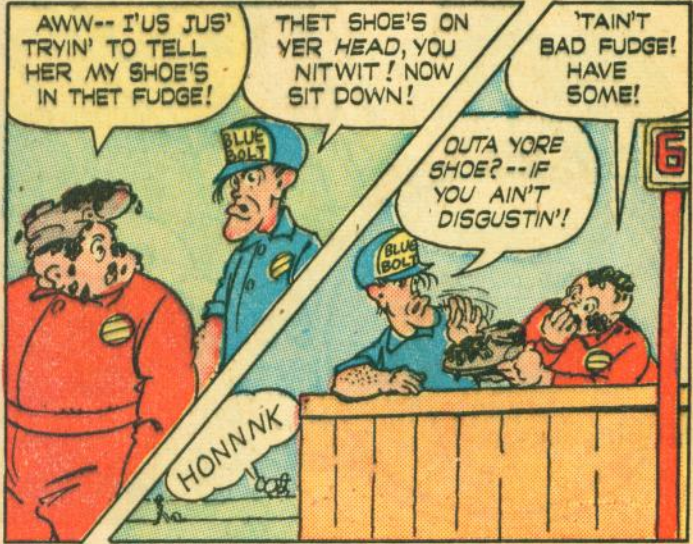
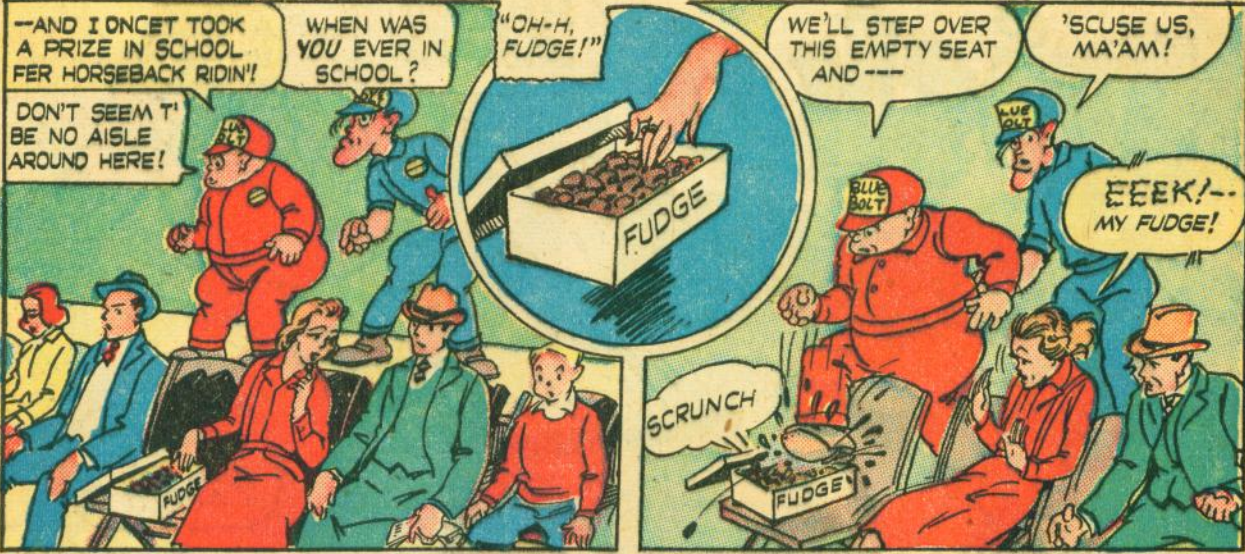
HURRA-AY!

RODEO
TODAY

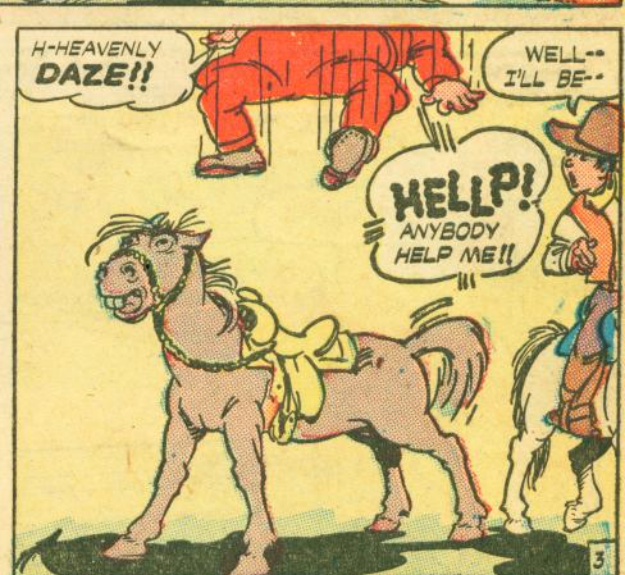
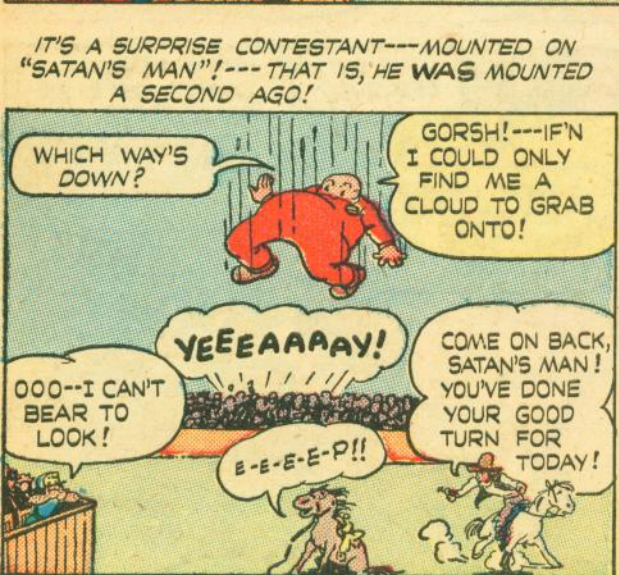
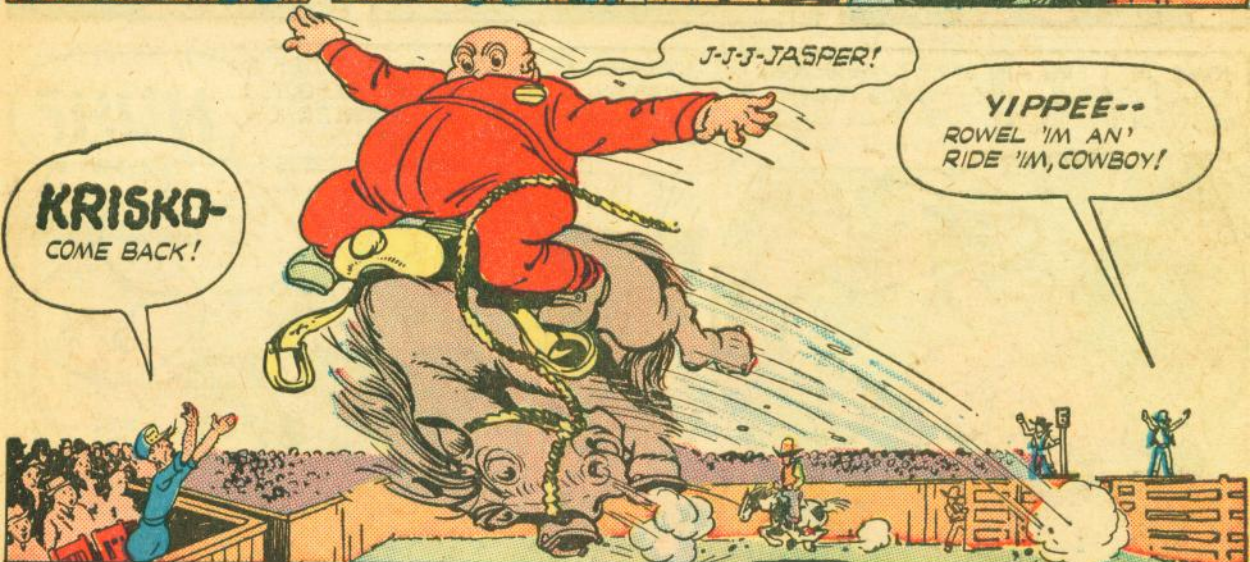
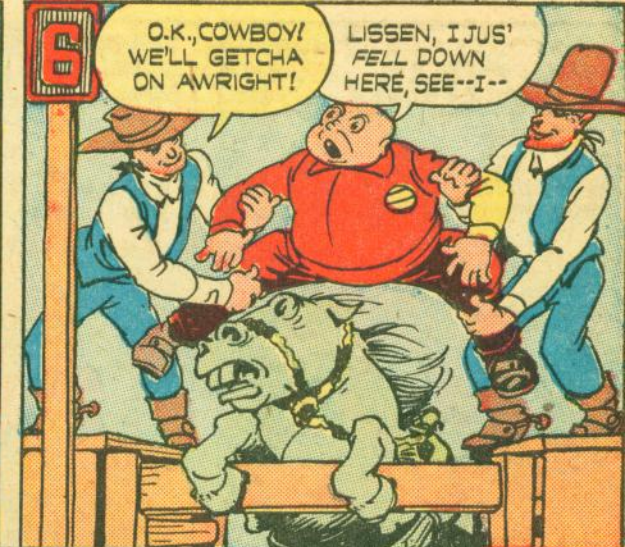
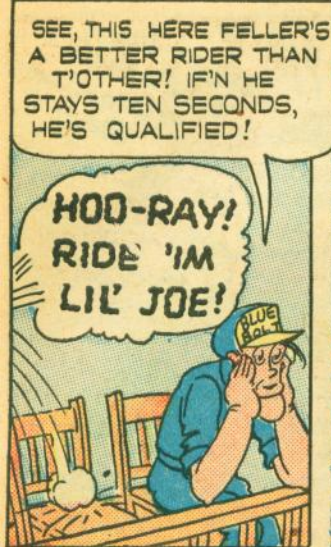
BLUE BO

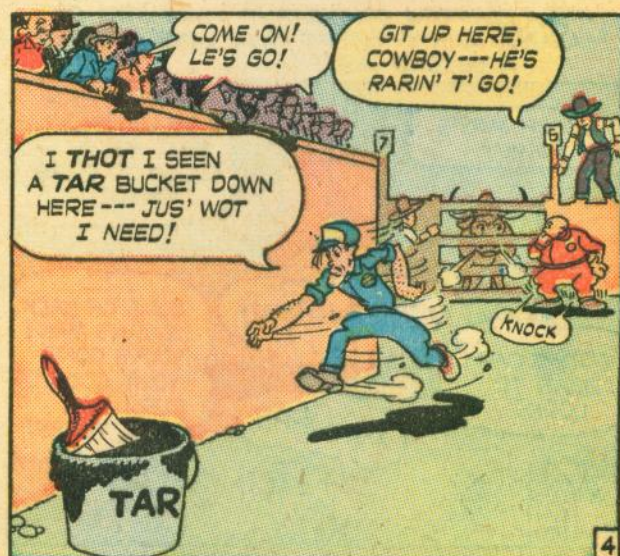
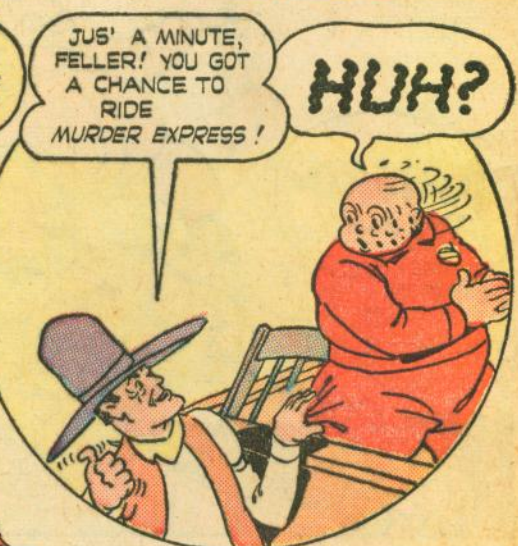
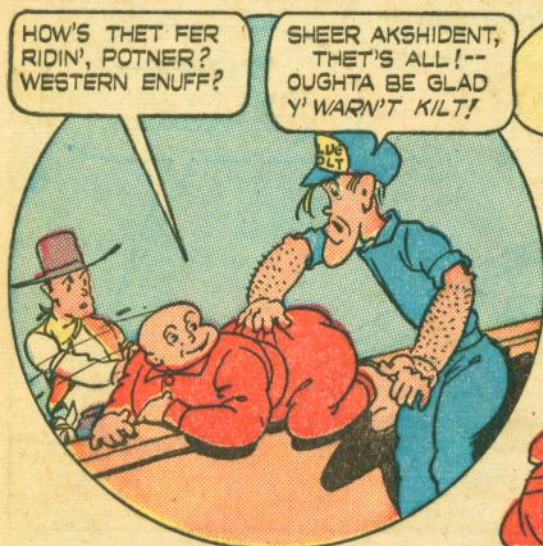
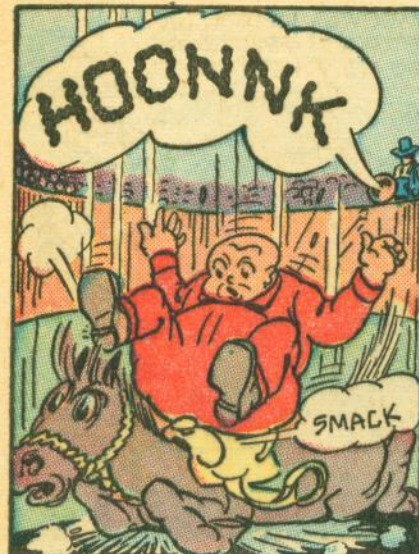
WELCOME, STRANGERS!
HOPE Y'ALL LIKE OUR
SHOW!

THANKS, POTNER!
WE WILL--YOU
SEE, WE'RE
OLD COWHANDS
TOO!



QUESTION No. 17. Horses neigh or whinny, crows caw. What creatures honk?







AHH-H! JES' MADE IT!
--RIGHT ACROSS THE SEAT O' HIS PANTS!

LET 'EM RIDE!

HONK

SPLAT!



WE CALL THAT STEER TH' "MURDER EXPRESS". 'CAUSE HE DON'T MAKE NO STOPS!

MY GORSH! LOOK! I'VE GOTTA GIT IN THERE AN' HELP MY LI'L OL' PARD.



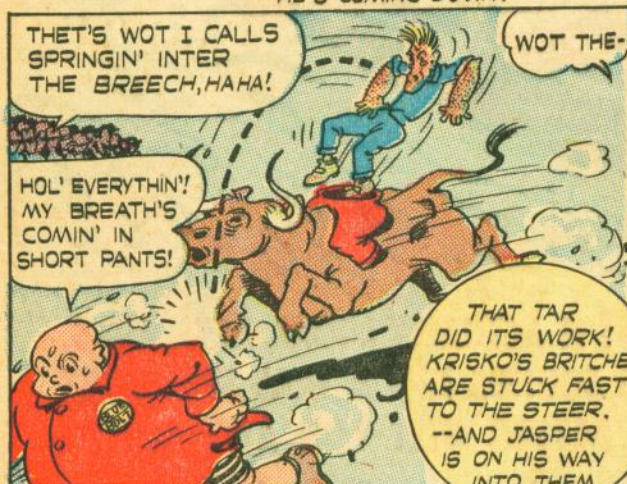
SOMETHING AWFUL'S HAPPENED! KRISKO'S LOST HIS PANTS!

WHICH WAY'S OUT?

THIS WAY, YOU CRAZY GOON!

YEE-HOOO-HAW HAW-HAW!

OH-OH! THE EXPRESS HAS HIT JASPER! HE'S UP! HE'S COMING DOWN!

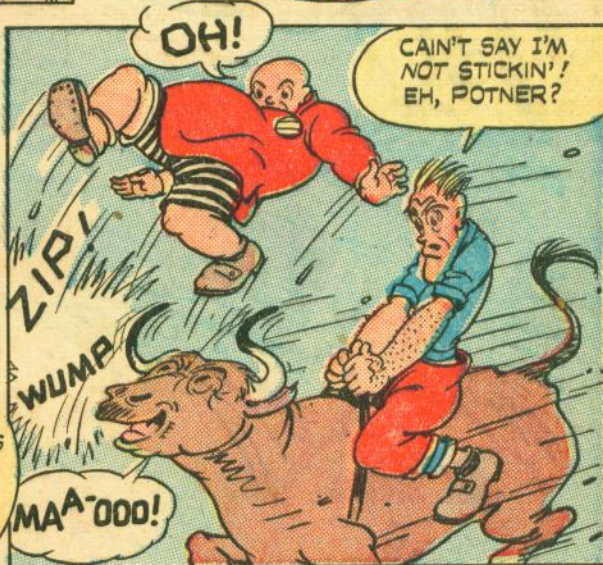


THAT'S WOT I CALLS SPRINGIN' INTER THE BREECH, HAHA!

WOT THE-

HOL' EVERYTHIN! MY BREATH'S COMIN' IN SHORT PANTS!

THAT TAR DID ITS WORK! KRISKO'S BRITCHES ARE STUCK FAST TO THE STEER. --AND JASPER IS ON HIS WAY INTO THEM.

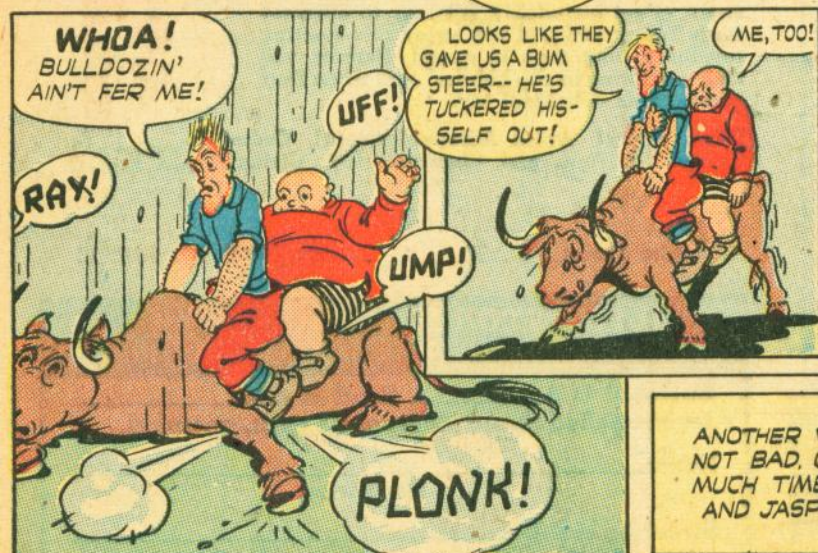


OH!

CAIN'T SAY I'M NOT STICKIN'! EH, POTNER?

ZIP!
WUMP

MAA-OOO!



WHOA! BULLDOZIN' AIN'T FER ME!

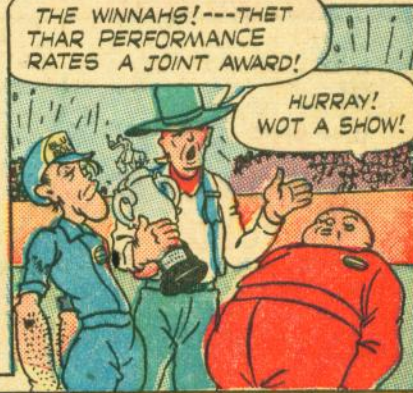
UFF!

LOOKS LIKE THEY GAVE US A BUM STEER-- HE'S TUCKERED HIS-SELF OUT!

ME, TOO!

UMP!

PLONK!



THE WINNAHS! ---THET THAR PERFORMANCE RATES A JOINT AWARD!

HURRAY! WOT A SHOW!

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE BOYS-- AN' NOT BAD. CONSIDERIN' THEY SPENT SO MUCH TIME OFF TH' BULL --SEE KRISKO AND JASPER IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

IT REALLY LOOKS, ACTS, RUNS
AND SOUNDS LIKE A REAL

"Jet" Propelled SPEED BOAT



GEE
WHIZ
LOOK!



PUTT!

PUTT!

ALL METAL
NO
MOVING PARTS

FUEL SUPPLY
INCLUDED AT
NO
EXTRA COST!

NO
MOVING PARTS
NOTHING TO GET
OUT OF ORDER

- YES! IT ACTUALLY LOOKS, ACTS, RUNS,
AND SOUNDS LIKE A REAL SPEEDBOAT
- NO BETTER GIFT FOR ANY CHILD!

Runs for one-half hour on a small piece of fuel! (Fuel included!) It's easy to operate! Both Young and Old will enjoy this exciting toy for a long time to come! Parents will find new favor in the kiddies' eyes when they present this delightful toy.

Don't Delay! Avoid Disappointment! Order
Several for Now, and Christmas Gift Giving.

\$1

Complete with
fuel. Postpaid

Order Direct . . . TODAY . . . PROMPT SHIPMENT!

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117 S. Wabash Ave., Dept NN-2 Chicago 3, Illinois

Enclosed is \$_____. Send at once.
Jet Propelled Speed Boats at \$1 each, postpaid.

Name _____

PLEASE PRINT

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BE SURE TO LOOK FOR THE SCHWINN SEAL OF
QUALITY—ON THE FRAME BENEATH THE SADDLE!



IT'S SCHWINN FOR GIRLS' BICYCLES, TOO

MERILEE PEDDELS says the new Schwinn-Built Bicycles for girls are the finest ever made! Such rich, glossy colors! So fast! So safe! Go to your Schwinn Dealer now!



WILL YOU RUSH THIS MESSAGE TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE? MY HUSBAND'S PROMOTION DEPENDS ON IT.

YOU BET

BOY! THIS EASY-RIDING SCHWINN REALLY FLIES AT A TIME LIKE THIS

LATER

YOU MADE IT JUST IN TIME, SPEEDY. THANK YOU VERY MUCH - HERE'S FIFTY CENTS FOR BEING SO KIND

GEE! THANK YOU, MRS. GALE. I NEVER COULD'VE DONE IT WITHOUT MY SCHWINN BIKE

FREE!

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Just send your name and address on a penny postcard and you'll get a gorgeous full color folder showing your favorite Hollywood stars enjoying their Schwinn-Built Bicycles. It's something you'll treasure. Get yours now!



MILLY YOUNGREN